

SPECIAL JAMAICA ISSUE

HIGH TIMES



APRIL 1985

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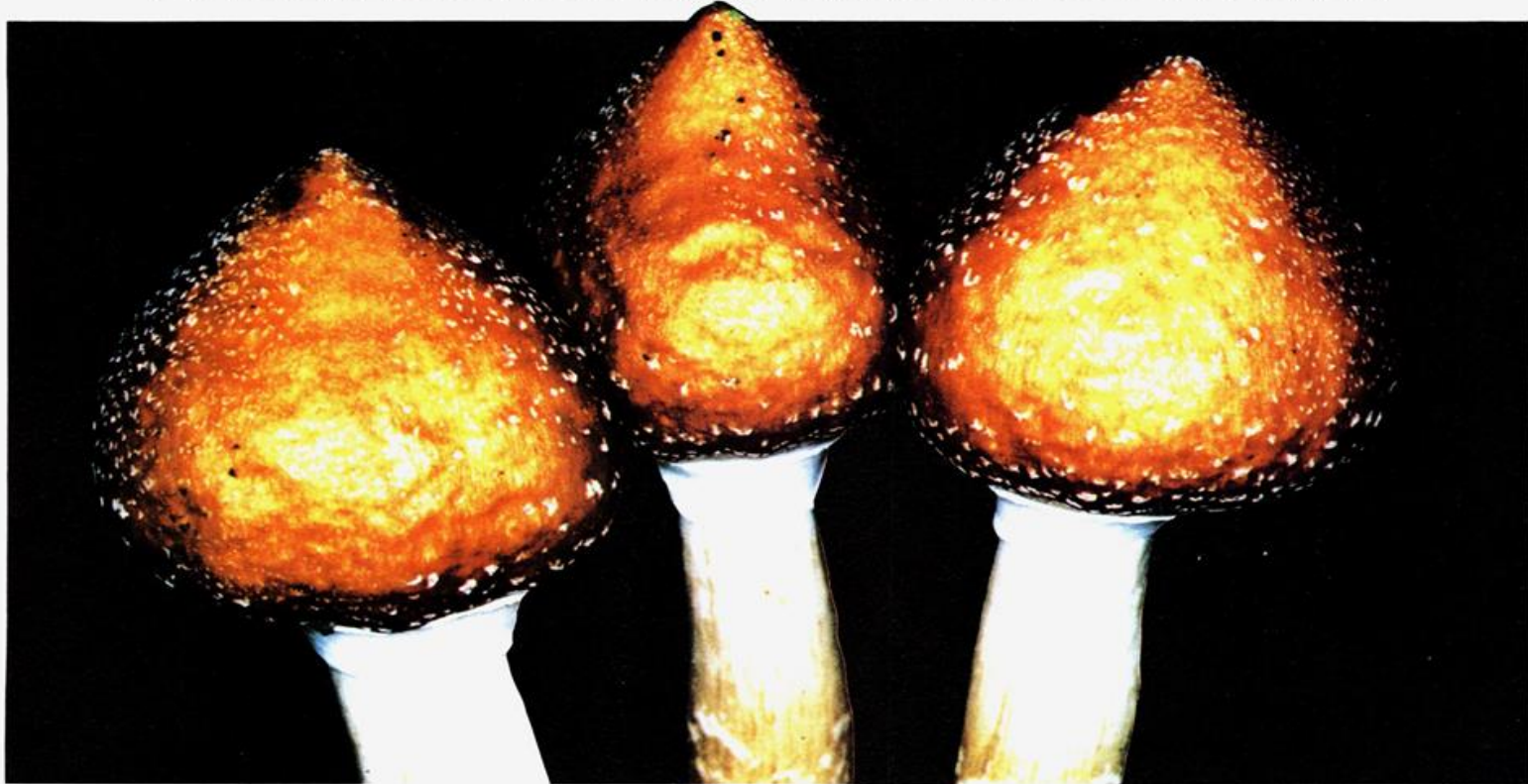
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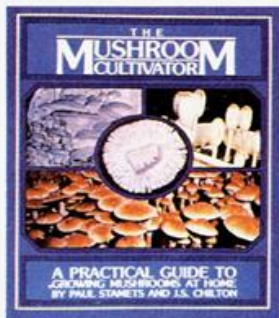
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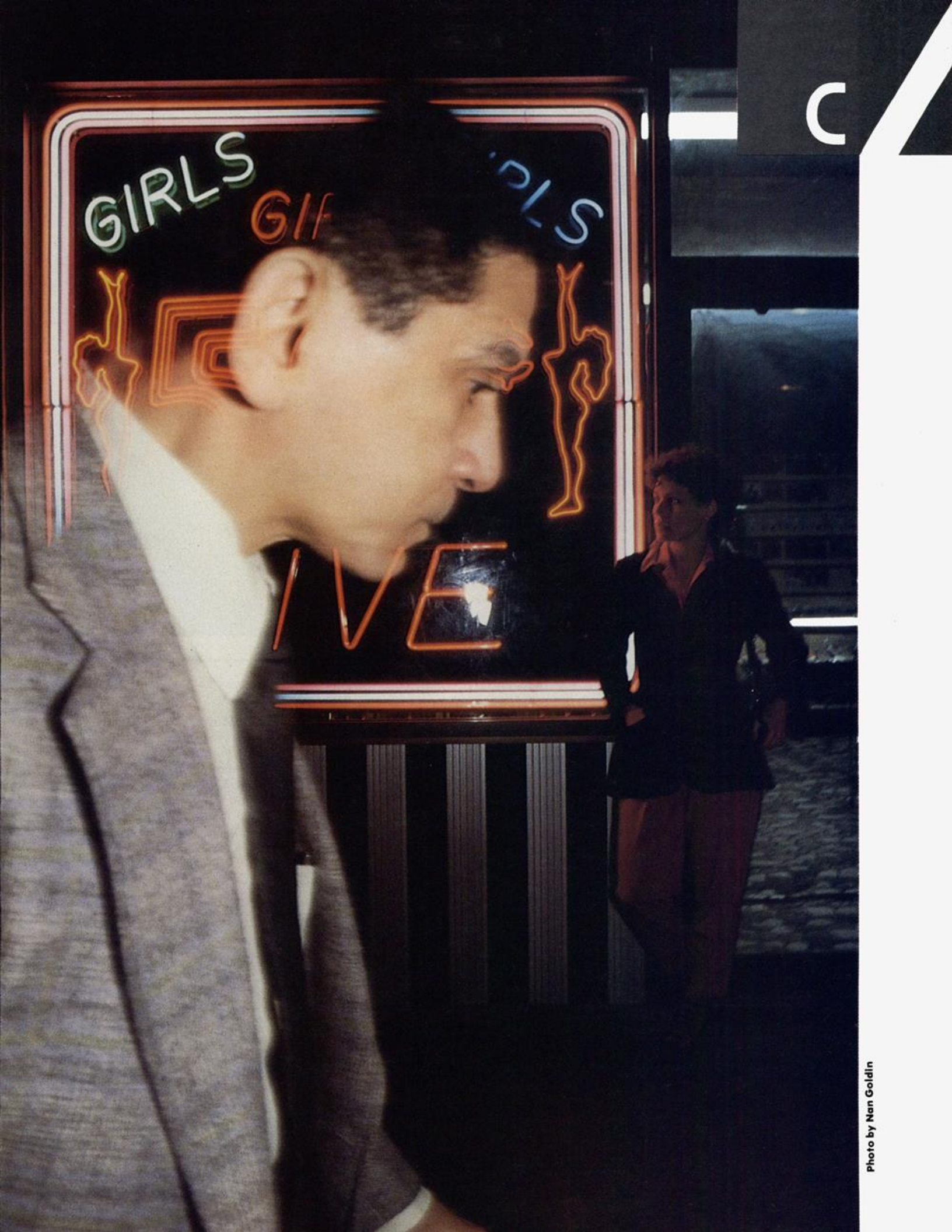
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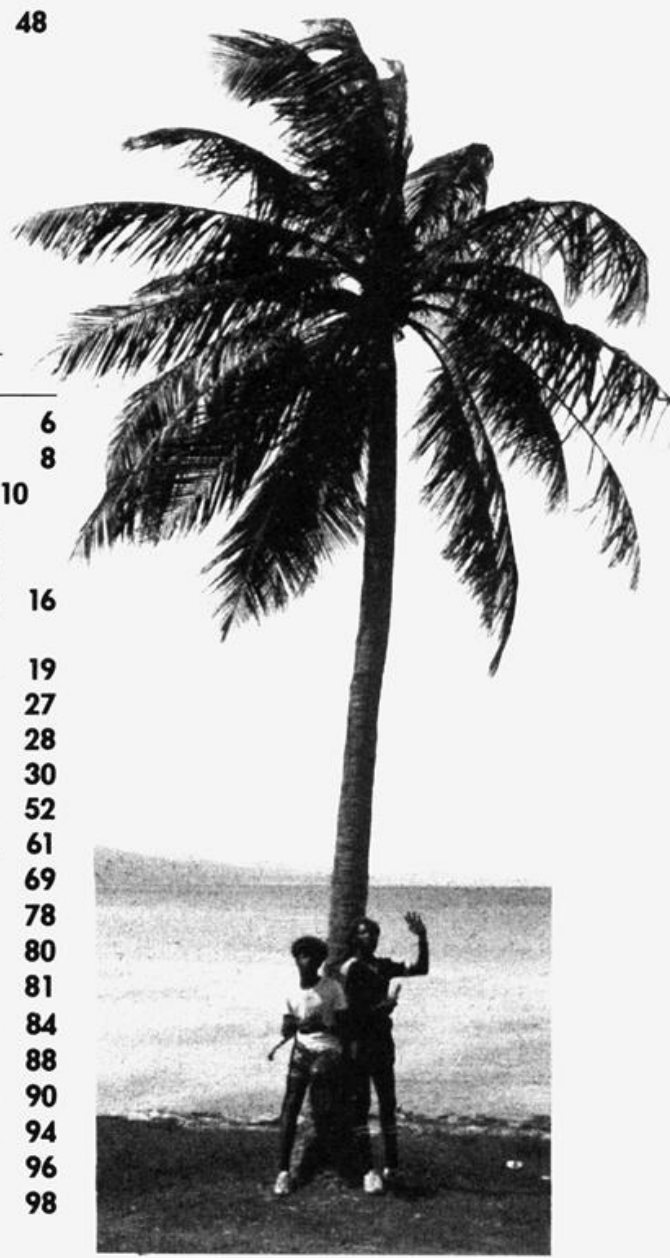
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Cover: Photo by Peter Simon, colored by Dan Zedek



A Public Service

Editor:

Have you seen the commercials being broadcast asking for local marijuana growers and promising

to be anonymous?

They have the same thing here in Alberta called crime stoppers. I wonder what the going bounty is on someone laying out a patch? Can it be that the price can go up and up until the grower's bounty is par with other crimes like murder, rape and kid-

napping? Kind of makes you wonder if anyone is running this system, or if they're all asleep. They certainly can't be sampling any of the substance they condemn so righteously. Perhaps if they did they'd cut out their bullshit and leave people alone.

—B.A.J.

Calgary, Alberta

P.S. Excellent photography on the poppies (HIGH TIMES, Nov. '84).

The illegal cultivation of controlled substances is definitely on the rise, coast to coast. Therefore, simple good citizenship demands that we all should take personal advantage of these wonderful public snitch services, to help promote a neater, cleaner, more flag-waving society. Think about it a minute. Couldn't the mayor or police chief of your personal home town be bringing up a crop of wacky baccy among his gladiolas? Isn't it possible that everyone in the local PTA is secretly conspiring to grow marijuana in their own back yards? Aren't there a few local people you just don't personally like, who could very well do with a going-over by the local cops, whether or not they're actually into the clandestine manufacture of Schedule One narcotics? As long as these anonymity-guaranteed snitch services are available to us all, we're being stupid if we don't exploit them to the hilt. The more of us who use them this way, the likelier they are to be discontinued.—Ed.

Comics Query

I am a big fan of comics, so I really liked your new Funny Papers. I was too young to get into the underground comics like Zap back in the '60s (I'm 23 now), but I've become an avid collector of those mags. I



Mark Marek

have one suggestion: Why don't you include some new strips by one or two of the original underground artists like R. Crumb (my favorite) or S. Clay Wilson?

—Dutch Hobie

Springfield, Mass.

Art Director Dan Zedek tells us he's doing just that. Look for an upcoming comic by veteran stripper Bob Armstrong, creator of Mickey Rat. And don't be surprised to see some of your other '60s faves in Funny Papers.—Ed

MDA Fan

Editor:

In your January issue, I noticed that your Trans-High Market Quotations listed MDA as the "love drug"—and it is. But I have not done any since about 1971-72 and would gladly trade all of Ram Dass's Sandoz LSD-25 for a single hit of the real McCoy.

Also, there appears to be very little (if no) historical or technical information on MDA available; if you could cite some references, I would surely appreciate it.

—Soldier of God

Portland, Me.

Check out our "Abuse Folio" column on MDA in this issue.—Ed.

Cingulotomy Vet

Editor:

I am writing in regard to your October article on psychosurgery, by Claire Winston-Levy.

I had psychosurgery for drug

abuse and depression over 10 years ago, in 1972 or '73. I had it when I was 20 years old, and I am now 31. I had the operation called cingulotomy.

The cingulotomy did nothing for my drug depression except make it worse. Cingulotomy leaves a patient in a permanent state of "flattened affect—a general disinterestedness in events within or outside themselves." This caused a greater depression, and I returned to drugs to fight this feeling.

I have gone to prison because of stealing drugs I needed. This is what doctors have done to me.

My point is, doctors who write or do research on this cingulotomy operation have never had it done to them. I have, and I know the effects. I don't want this to happen to any other people, so I am trying to get support in exposing and suing the doctors who did this to me and helping stop them from doing it to others.

—Robert Stover, Jr.

Colorado

HIGH TIMES has been totally unable to locate any organizations which might be able to help you. Up until just a few years ago, there were plenty of groups looking out for civil rights of mental patients, such as the ACLU's Mental Health Rights division. Every single one of them seems to have been de-funded and disbanded since 1981. Sorry about that.

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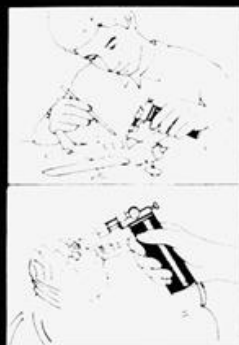
THOMAS KING FORCADE, 1945-1978

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Editor's Note

Jamaica seems to hold a special attraction for HIGH TIMES readers. Our last Special Jamaica Issue (April, 1983) was one of our best-selling issues, so we decided to take a second, more thorough look at this island paradise.

Our all-purpose goodtime guide is probably the only one you'll ever need. "Touring the High Way" describes in detail the *real* Jamaica that most tourists never see, taking you behind the stereotypical postcard facades for an in-depth Jamaican experience, whether you actually travel there or just read about the island. Jamaica is a land of extreme contrasts: stunning natural scenery and grinding urban poverty, peaceful Rastafarians and warring politicians, free-wheeling reggae and traditional folkways. Perhaps part of our fascination with Jamaica can be traced to the similarity between these cultural contradictions and those of our own country. Certainly Jamaica is a key element in current U.S.-Caribbean relations. Under former Prime Minister Michael Manley, the island was closely tied to Castro's Cuba; under current Prime Minister Edward Seaga, Jamaica has become the Reagan administration's staunchest ally. Because of its strategic location, its natural resources and its relative power and influence within the Caribbean, Jamaica has become a political battleground.

This ideological tug-of-war affects even a so-called "neutral" event like the World Youth Festival (see page 70), a gathering organized by the Jamaican government at the urging of the Reagan administration as a capitalist counterpart to the youth festivals regularly sponsored by the Soviet Union. The festival, intended as a celebration of non-Communist youth culture for young delegates from some 100 "democratic" countries, will feature music and dance concerts, a film competition, and other cultural presentations. It is also supposed to address "major world questions and problems confronting democracy." The politicized festival has run head-on into a problem of its own—nobody wants to pay for a capitalist conference! At the time of this writing, unless some \$5 million dollars is raised soon, the festival will have to be much reduced in scale.

Such contradictions also afflict reggae music. Although it has been one of the strongest influences on contemporary pop music over the last decade, that influence has been popularized worldwide mainly by white bands like The Police rather than by Jamaica's own. Furthermore, reggae's future in mainstream music has seemed uncertain after the untimely death in 1981 of its best known star, Bob Marley. But reggae continues to thrive and change, and our "Reggae Now" update brings you the latest developments. Ditto for our "Ganja, State of the Herb" report. Per usual, there are conflicting attitudes about the magic grass, ranging from hypocritical government disapproval to the matter-of-factness of the ganja growers, for whom the crop represents economic survival. Then there are the Rastafarians, who consider ganja a religious sacrament. What is not in question is the potency of Jamaican pot and its world-wide popularity.

These Jamaican articles are the first of several travel features HIGH TIMES has scheduled for upcoming issues. In the past few months, HIGH TIMES has taken its readers to exotic locales like Afghanistan, India, Barcelona, Thailand, Tokyo and Berlin. In future issues, we're going to be traveling closer to home. Our first few "Scenes" columns have presented New York, Taos, Minneapolis and Seattle; in coming months, look for reports on high times in Miami, San Francisco and Washington, D.C., as well as lengthier pieces on Mexico and Hawaii. Also, we are planning extensive coverage of California in a series of photo essays which will cover the state from top to bottom. California has always been a state where the high times roll, so we'll be featuring regular reports on the fads, fashions and far-out activities in the Golden State.

Our reader surveys tell us that the HIGH TIMES audience lists travel as one of its strongest interests. Stay tuned for more HIGH TIMES travel features that will bring you the exciting, the offbeat and the provocative world of the '80s.

From on high,

John Howell

Editor-in-Chief

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Rock Schlock

From the trashbins of pop music comes *Rock 'n' Roll Confidential* (Little, Brown and Co.), a marvelously tacky book that packs a ton of trashy rock trivia between its cheesy covers. Author Penny Stallings has done exhaustive research to compile a wacked-out history of rock weirdness. Included are photos of the stars when they were nerdy kids ("They only look normal..."),

a visual chronicle of rock fashion excesses, a look at the numerous rock copycats for whom imitation was the sincerest form of thievery, an incredibly hilarious history of unlikely popsters who have recorded albums (Mae West, farmhand Pepino from *The Real McCoys*, Ed McMahon, Regis Philbin, Laverne and Shirley, Milton Berle, Art Linkletter, wrestler Antonino Rocca,

plus solo albums from *all* the stars of *Bonanza*), an uncensored look at rock's most outrageous album covers, a family tree-type chart chronicling rock romances, an eerie visit to rock 'n' roll heaven and even a tongue-in-cheek guide to becoming a rock star. Stallings' style is suitably smart-ass and gossipy. *Rock 'n' Roll Confidential* is one put-down book you won't be able to put down.

Paging All Potheads!

Weed-wielding activists take their hits to the streets for the annual Third World Cannabis March on the United Nations on Saturday, May 4, in New York City. Organized by the Fifth Avenue Marijuana Parade Coalition, the rally begins with an 11 A.M. smoke-in at Washington Square Park where participants can partake of free Jamaican and domestic grass. At 1:30 P.M., pot enthusiasts will begin a rock 'n' roll-accompanied march up Fifth Avenue toward the United Nations. For further information, including transportation from other cities, call (212) 533-5027.

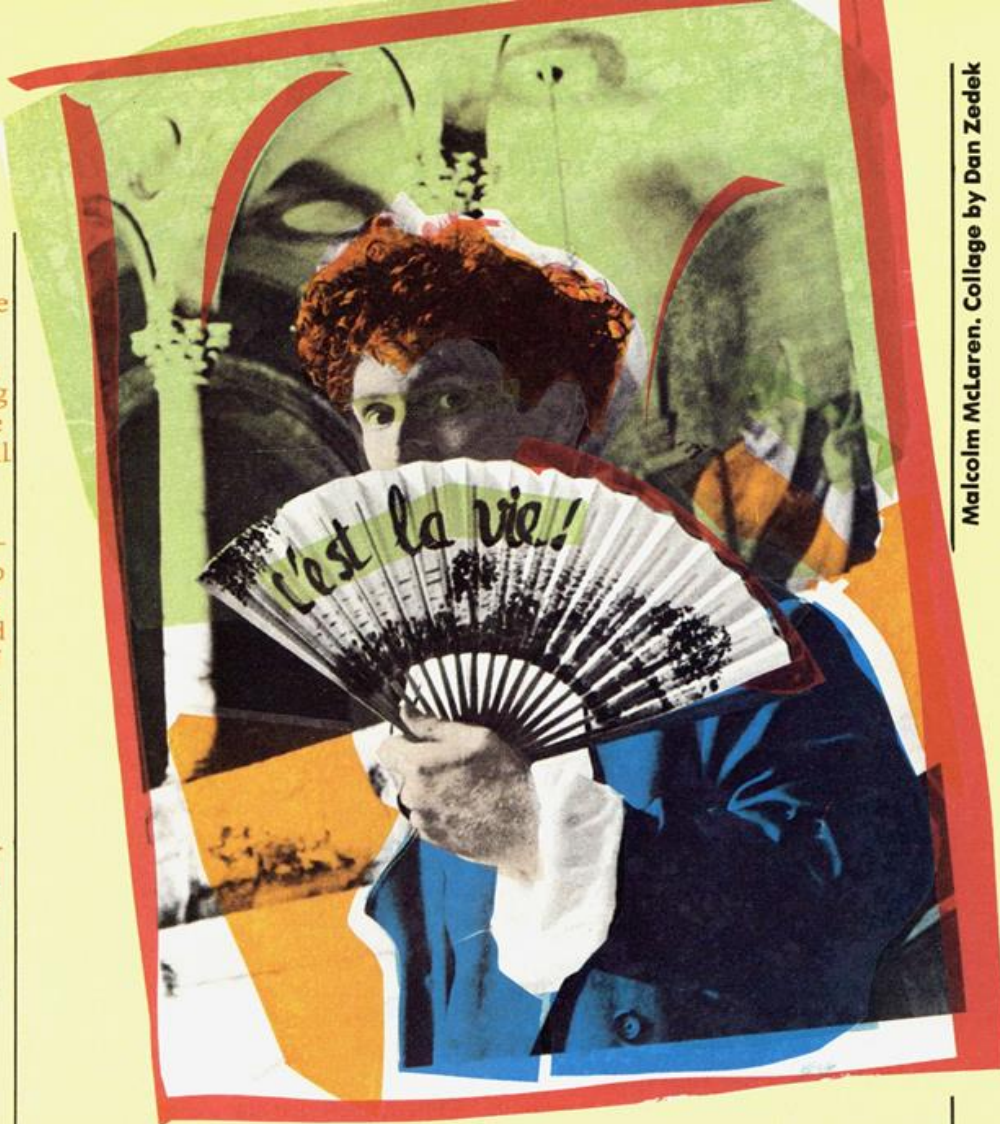
Illustration by Santiago Cohen



As part of their religious rites, Rastas smoke the herb ganja (marijuana), citing Psalms 104:14: "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man."

Malcolm Butterfly

If ever there were a pop culture butterfly, Malcolm McLaren is it. Flitting from trend to trend over the past decade, McLaren has helped popularize punk rock, punk fashion, rap and scratch music and breaking (combining them with square-dance calling!), African rhythms and tribal chants, the Burundi multi-drum sound, Double Dutch jump-rope gymnastics and Caribbean rhythm—all of which he assimilated into pop music with alarming facility. Along the way, McLaren has been involved with an incredibly diverse roster of artists and popsters: The New York Dolls, Sex Pistols, Vivienne Westwood, Russ Meyer, Adam Ant, Bow Wow Wow, Boy George, superproducer Trevor Horn and The World Famous Supreme Team. Some call him innovator, some call him ripoff artist, but whatever you call him, McLaren's knack for promoting the right trend at the right time is truly uncanny. Now he has set his sights on the opera world. His fusing of electro-funk sounds and a soul vocal into an aria from *Madam Butterfly* was a danceclub smash, and McLaren followed it up with *Fans*, an entire album of popped-up arias. McLaren's next goal is to stage a full opera, probably *Madam Butterfly*, using similar



Malcolm McLaren. Collage by Dan Zedek

techniques. "I'm stealing from the rich and giving to the poor," McLaren says. "I want everyone to know who *Madam Butterfly* and all those

characters were. By fusing these arias with R&B or rock, I believe this helps to close the generation gap." Sure, Malcolm...

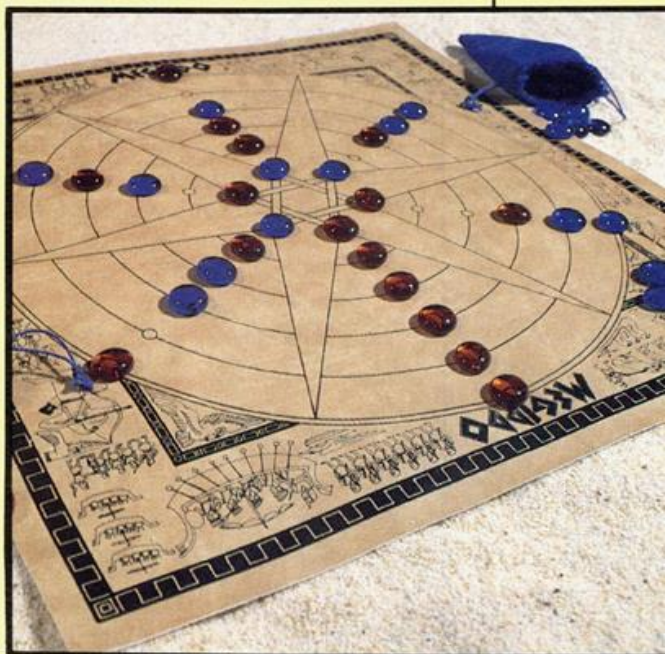
Dream Game

Steve Baldwin had a dream that transported him to ancient Egypt, and when he awoke, he brought back Megiddo, a board game rooted in the mysteries of antiquity. Baldwin had been trying to develop a board game for about two years. Then one night he had The Dream. "Suddenly," Baldwin recalls, "there was Megiddo—the rules, the play, the look. Everything fell into place."

Megiddo (the name comes from a city in ancient Israel) is a Chinese checkers-type game, the object of which is to get six of your jewel-like stones in a row—radial, circular or spiral path—or to capture six of your opponent's stones. When Baldwin was doing a patent search for Megiddo, he found that the game it most closely resembled was "Nine

Men's Morris." He also learned that game boards for Morris had been found carved into the inner walls of the pyramids. Baldwin remains baffled by the Megiddo mystery. "We wanted to make the game seem as if it came from the past," he says with an air of amazement, "and maybe somehow it did."

Many psychics have been attracted to Megiddo, which they claim has "mystical power" and can be used as a psychic tool, like tarot cards. A Megiddo championship will be held in London in late September or early October. Grand prize is \$3600 plus a trip to the pyramids. For further info, write to Global Games, E. 8112 Sprague Ave., Spokane, WA 99212, or call (509) 927-0555.



NEW MEXICO'S NEW UTOPIA

Taos offers natural beauty and natural highs

by David Eubank

In 1969, Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper decided to shoot a portion of their film, *Easy Rider*, in and around Taos. The reason, according to Fonda in an interview with local writer, T.M. Collins: "Dennis wanted to pay homage to D.H. Lawrence, so he had us coming through here (Taos). Also there was a hippie commune here called New Buffalo..."

The release of *Easy Rider*, with its images of Taos, brought in possibly the biggest influx of people to Taos since the Spanish. By the early '70s there were five communes, nearly 20 art galleries and thousands of young, predominantly white, middle-class expatriates seeking their utopia.

Taos, New Mexico was first inhabited by the Taos Pueblo Indians who, according to one elder, "have been here since before the mountains were wet." Taos slowly evolved into a melting pot of many cultures: a crossroads of the nomadic Plains Indians and the Southwestern Pueblos, Spanish settlers, and mountain men. Annual trade fairs were established, the Santa Fe Trail was created, the "Chili Express" train rolled along the Rio Grande. Outlaws and smugglers discovered the advantage of Taos' inaccessible mountains.

In this century, the Taos Indians have witnessed a somewhat differ-

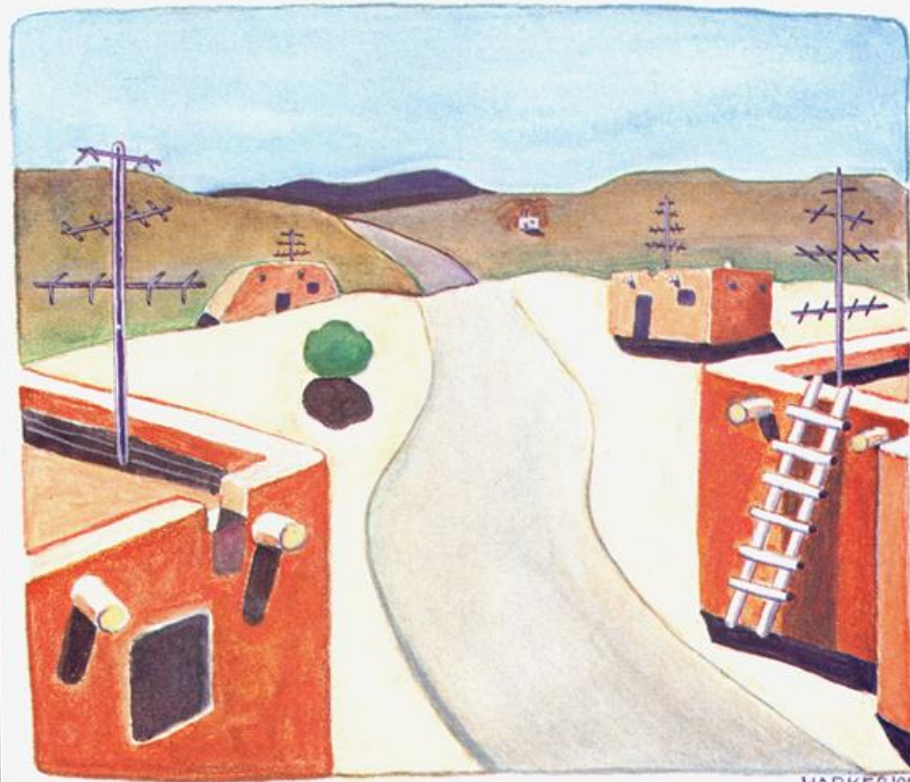


Illustration by Charles Harker

ent cultural evolution. In the early 1900s, wealthy socialites discovered the charm and enchantment of Taos. Their presence started a steady migration of artists into the area, and soon the name Taos became synonymous with art and society. The list is impressive: Lady Brett, Millicent Rogers, Mabel Dodge, Frieda and D.H. Lawrence, C.G. Jung, Georgia O'Keefe, Alfred Stieglitz, Ansel Adams, Paul Strand, Edward Curtis, Aldous Huxley, Tennessee Williams, Vladimir Nabokov, Stravinsky. More recently: Earl Stroh, Louis Catusco, Larry Bell, R.C. Gorman, Kenny Price, John Nichols, and Frank Waters.

It's not difficult to understand

why anyone chose Taos. The town sits in a valley surrounded by rocky mountains and desert mesas. There are hundreds of rivers and streams. Many of the roads are unpaved. Deep blue skies are speckled with spectacular and ever changing cloud formations. Rainbows are practically an everyday occurrence during the rainy season. Sunsets last forever, giving off the most incredible light and color. The Rio Grande gorge is a natural wonder, dropping 700 feet below the desert floor. Wildflowers, chamisa and sagebrush carpet the valleys in various shades of green, yellow, red, blue, purple, brown, orange and white. And then there are the Indians, still living commu-

"In Taos, you can be yourself, dress any way you want, be weird, and nobody says anything."

nally in their ancient pueblos of centuries past.

"The reason so many artists live in Taos, besides its reputation and the obvious beauty, is quite simply the light. It's like no other place on this planet," an artist said while bathing nude in an undeveloped hot spring along the Rio Grande. "The other folks come to get away from something, whether it be away from other people, their families or the law. They live in mud houses out in the desert or mountains, haul their own water, and grow sprouts. Everyone has a P.O. box and you'll notice there aren't too many street signs outside of town. People like the anonymity around here."

"In Taos you can be yourself, dress anyway you want, be weird, and nobody is going to say anything about it," said silversmith and greeting card manufacturer, Ken Bracken. "I know some people whose cars broke down here and they ended up staying. Others came and they don't know why, but they can't leave. They could make much more money elsewhere, but they just can't leave. On the other hand, there are people who come to town who can't cope. There's a high energy meridian running through here which either repels or attracts you. You don't want to try to interfere with its energy."

"There's a feeling of magic all around us," Michael McCormick of Bryan's Gallery said. "I've heard that there's a band of negative ions in the ozone layer above Taos. And scientists say that negative ions are mood lifters. So maybe everyone is walking around with an incredible natural high."

A woman at the gallery adds, "Everyone is looking for their spiritual path here. It's sort of like a bus stop. We all come to find which path we're going on and then we either go on here or we go on someplace else."

Taos today is taking on a somewhat different identity. Yesterday, art was the predominant scene, but today there's a big effort to stabilize it with things like the Second Annual Spring Arts Celebration, Taos Balloon Rally, music festivals, craft fairs, theater, concerts and the 15-year reunion of the *Easy Rider* cast. Probably the most revealing change is the new poster chosen to advertise Taos by the Chamber of Commerce: a photograph of a wild-

/ continued on page 77

As featured in March HIGH TIMES Grow American column

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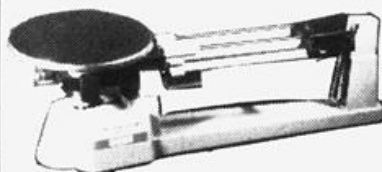
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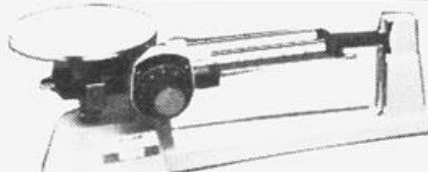
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ASK COOKIE MUELLER

Health foods and aphrodisiacs

Do you remember when you were a kid and you first saw a health food store? I do. I was with my mother in Baltimore

and we walked past the only store of its kind in the city. Out in front of the glass doors was a life-size cardboard cut-out of Jack LaLanne in his leopard skin, one-shoulder Tarzan drag. He looked big and

shiny to me. There was also a cut-out of Gaylord Hauser, the Hollywood nutrition expert; he was holding his spice called SPIKE.

I asked my mother what the place was and she told me it was a spot for kooks, oddballs and weirdos. Upon my teenage release from home, I ran to the place thinking I would meet some interesting types. It was disappointing to find only normal-looking, healthy people browsing, reading and snacking on roasted soybeans.

These days one could hardly imagine a block without a General Nutrition Center or a Down to Earth or a Health is Wealth. My son takes health food stores for granted. The weirdos don't hang out there, but I think my mother still believes they do. She has still never tasted yogurt and has never chewed a mung bean sprout.

These days, unlike in the '40s, '50s and early '60s, people are really body conscious. People believe that their bodies are equal to their minds... finally. It's about time, as they really can't easily be separated (on this earthbound plane anyway... now astral travel is a whole other story).

Lately we've even begun to take it a step further by finding out at home exactly what we need with self-testing devices: battery-powered fever thermometers, blood pressure monitors, blood glucose meters for diabetics, fertility awareness devices, computerized scales with a man's voice telling you that you've got to lose that flab and cellulite.

People are actively taking part in cures and disease prevention—instead of leaving it up to doctors.

There are even some people who have gone so far as to eliminate drugs and drinking. Can you imagine?

And, by the way, where is Jack LaLanne? Is Gaylord Hauser still alive? Does anyone out there know? If so, write in and tell me. Answer one of my questions for a change.

*Dear High Advisor,
I would like to know which drugs are aphrodisiacs? I can't relax lately, so it's been difficult to perform.*

—H.H.H.

Toledo, Ohio

Dear H.H.H.,

The most powerful aphrodisiac is your own brain. Just don't be too cerebral, though; that wipes out desire immediately. Try to think in unclinical terms. Your use of the word "perform" is distressing. What are you? An actor?

*Dear High Advisor,
This has little to do with health or drugs or food. It's one of those general questions for a know-it-all, a trivia question, and it may sound really stupid but I'm very serious.*

Here goes: I've heard that pigeons are queer, homosexual, I mean. If this is true, how does this account for all those thousands of them?

—Jose Avilez

San Pedro, Calif.

Dear Jose,

I'm really not a know-it-all, despite my vast and all-inclusive knowledge over a broad spectrum.

O.K., now for the surprising answer: yes. But not all of them are homosexual. It's common among pigeons, more frequently with males, and a permanent pair-bond of the same sex occurs even when members of the opposite sex abound. Why does this occur? Perhaps it's nature's own unique brand of population control.

Now, with ravens, if there's a scarcity of males during mating season, two females will form a



pair-bond; they'll even build nests and lay eggs which of course will be sterile. I don't know how many ravens are around, but I don't think this is an example of natural birth control. I bet the girls just like each other. One of the best plans for animal birth control is the natural ability of rabbits, mice and some other rodents to abort spontaneously when conditions such as overcrowding, shortage of food or long spells of adverse weather cause embryos in the female uterus of these species to not develop.

Wouldn't it be great if human beings had this built-in mechanism instead of wars for population control?

*Dear High Advisor,
I've been thinking about having plastic surgery lately. What are some of the drawbacks? I just want a simple eyelift.*

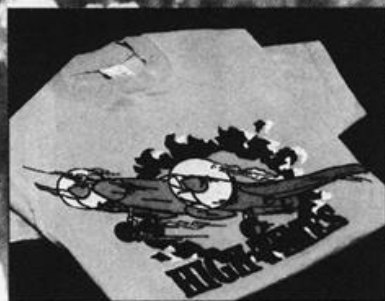
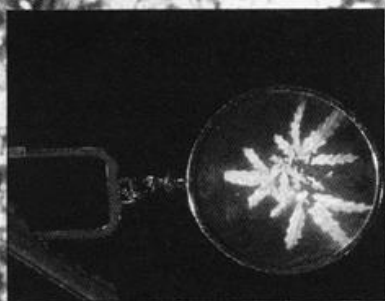
—Connie Fishcel
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Connie,
The biggest drawback is that it only lasts for five years. After this, gravity takes its toll again, all the bags return, the lines start to reappear. So, if you're going to have it, make sure that in five years you have enough money to have it done again. I wonder how well standing on your head or sleeping on a slant board would do? □

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MEET THE MUSHROOM MAN

Organic Psychedelics for Revolution and Profit

by William Meyers

Is it possible to insure your economic survival in 1985—and beyond that, maintain a graceful and reasonably comfortable stan-

dard of living for your family—without abandoning the high principles that were seared into your brain years ago on acid? For the ongoing subculture of psychedelic adventurers (yes, it's still there and still hap-

HIGH LIFE

pening, albeit concentrated on the northwest coast), this is a central question that has come to be answered in a great diversity of ways, some inspiring and some not so. As one extraordinary example of coming to terms with material reality while keeping the faith, we offer our necessarily anonymous northern California grower friend, the Mushroom Man.

"I wanted a way to make more money," he says, "to support myself and my family, and growing mushrooms seemed like the best, most stoned way I could think of to do that—and still work for myself and still do my work well. Probably the really all-encompassing reason is that I thought if I could get enough people high that way, it might just help out the whole planet. So all those things came together, in the perfect job for me."

The Mushroom Man had come equipped with the right kind of karma early on. In graduate school in biology, he had specialized in mycology. Then, after taking LSD in the '60s and becoming a convert to the pursuit of higher states of consciousness, he had been delighted to discover that the psychedelic experience could be obtained through the organic graces of several species of mushrooms.

Toward the end of one rainy season in the late '70s, he experienced the power of *psilocybe cubensis*—the 'shroom indigenous to the humid region surrounding the Gulf of Mexico—while touring



● *Psilocybe cubensis*: communal grouping, with babies popping up.

the Mayan ruins of Palenque. Picking the mushrooms from the surrounding tropical cow pastures, then finding them immortalized in bas-reliefs on the limestone walls of temples dating from 600 A.D.—while stoned on about thirty of the same 'shrooms himself—provided him with the astral connection and high-powered impetus for learning how to grow the lovely little things.

There remains a physical connection, too, between the mushrooms our man picked in Mexico and the ones he grows today. He brought back with him a pillbox full of the spores he'd scraped from the underside of some of the 'shrooms—still illegal but no paranoid problem at the border-crossing—and down the line, over the years, his product has been consistently spawned from those original spores.

"The ones I grow now," he says, "are a lot healthier than the ones that were in Palenque—mainly because of how I grow them. I keep the contaminants out and the bugs out, so that they just have a chance to live, without being ripped off all the time by some kind of pest. And I add various kinds of organic nutrients to the soil, so that they have everything they need for reaching their fullest potential. Actually, I didn't realize they'd come on stronger that way. But they seem now to be much stronger than the ones we picked in Mexico—at least you don't have to eat as many."

Bringing up those babies to their

fullest potential requires a yogic discipline far beyond the exigencies of sinsemilla cultivation. The mycelium—the actual organism itself, of which the mushrooms are the reproductive fruit—is highly vulnerable, and almost any contaminant will attack and kill its host medium. A laboratory-strict, perfectly sterile environment must be constructed around it, just to ensure that you don't lose more crops than you harvest. And since the whole process, from culturing to inoculating to picking, takes twelve weeks, with massive initial overhead, any crop loss is serious.

In the years since his apprenticeship, making all the initial mistakes he needed to make while growing in outdoor beds of manure and hay, the Mushroom Man has gradually perfected the technology and expertise for the pursuit of what has finally become a profitable cottage industry. Right next to his house is his growing-shed laboratory, looking, for all the world, like anyone's toolshed or workshop. But, within, the walls are heat-radiant with aluminum foil; a forced-air heater with thermostat and timer, an industrial humidifier and a humidity sensor maintain the atmospheric conditions of the Yucatan jungle; and stacked in racks, in row after row, are the hotbeds of sterilized and nutrient-enriched soil. Here, in these beds, the long-awaited little purple protuberances begin to pop.

Once things get going and they're

popping up all over, the mushrooms grow at incredible speed, and the Mushroom Man's schedule tightens up. "When they're growing," he says, "I get up every morning about 4:30, and I go to bed about 11:30 at night. And I work about half that time in the growing room." The rest of his time must be devoted to drying the 'shrooms in the multi-tiered dehydrator he's built, in order to preserve the greatest volume of his product for bulk shipment. He actually prefers the taste of the fresh mushrooms, as well as their quality of high, but, since they're so perishable, there is no other way to preserve them unless they're immediately frozen. And so far at least, the Mushroom Man is not at the level of walk-in freezers and refrigerator trucks.

As things stand now, with his losses reduced to an acceptable minimum, he brings in a crop of 30 to 40 pounds of mushrooms every three months. About five years ago, when he was first starting out, a pound of dried mushrooms sold for \$1,200. But as more and more budding mushroom growers have emerged to try their hand at the trade, the price has dropped since then to an average in 1985 of between \$400 to \$500 on the bulk market. Even so, with 30 to 40 pounds to work with quarterly, the total income, as you can figure out, more than pays for the electricity bill.

Regardless of profit margin, though—and perhaps more importantly—you can tell the Mushroom Man loves his work. He says, "I definitely think it's a revolutionary act on a grand scale—in the sense of changing the course of history by dealing with basic human nature. I look at laws against mushrooms and grass or any organic psychedelic as being just a way of keeping people down—keeping people dumb. But I think, if anything, people in this country need something to push them away from being so greedy and uptight and crazed. And that's what the mushrooms do."

The Mushroom Man maintains his quiet routine in a small redwood house on the fog-dampened California coast, where all manner of legal mushrooms grow beneath the dripping conifers. By day he sees his kids off to school and drives to his highly visible, low-paying job at a store in the nearby town. By night he makes his living waging the consciousness revolution. □

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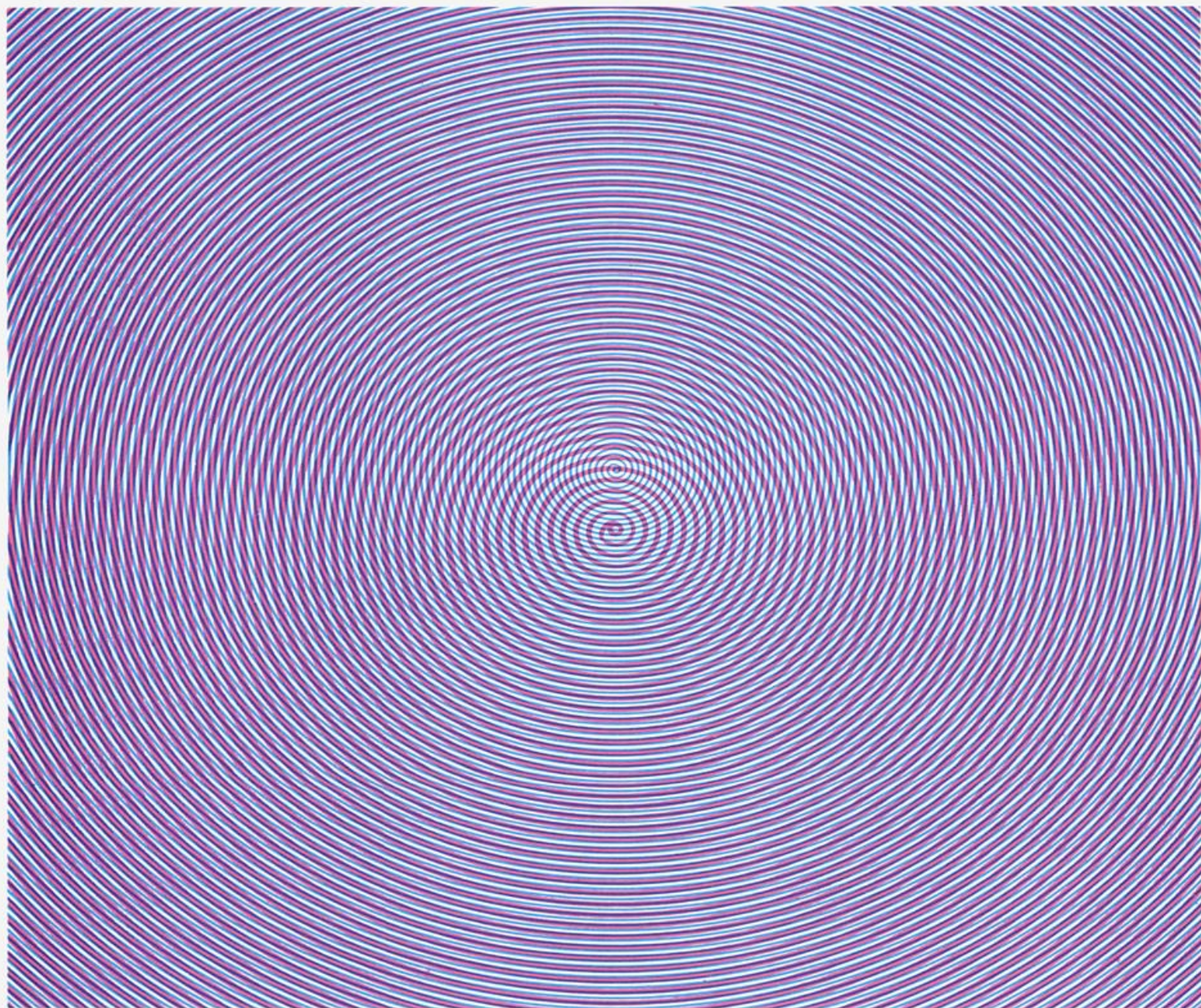
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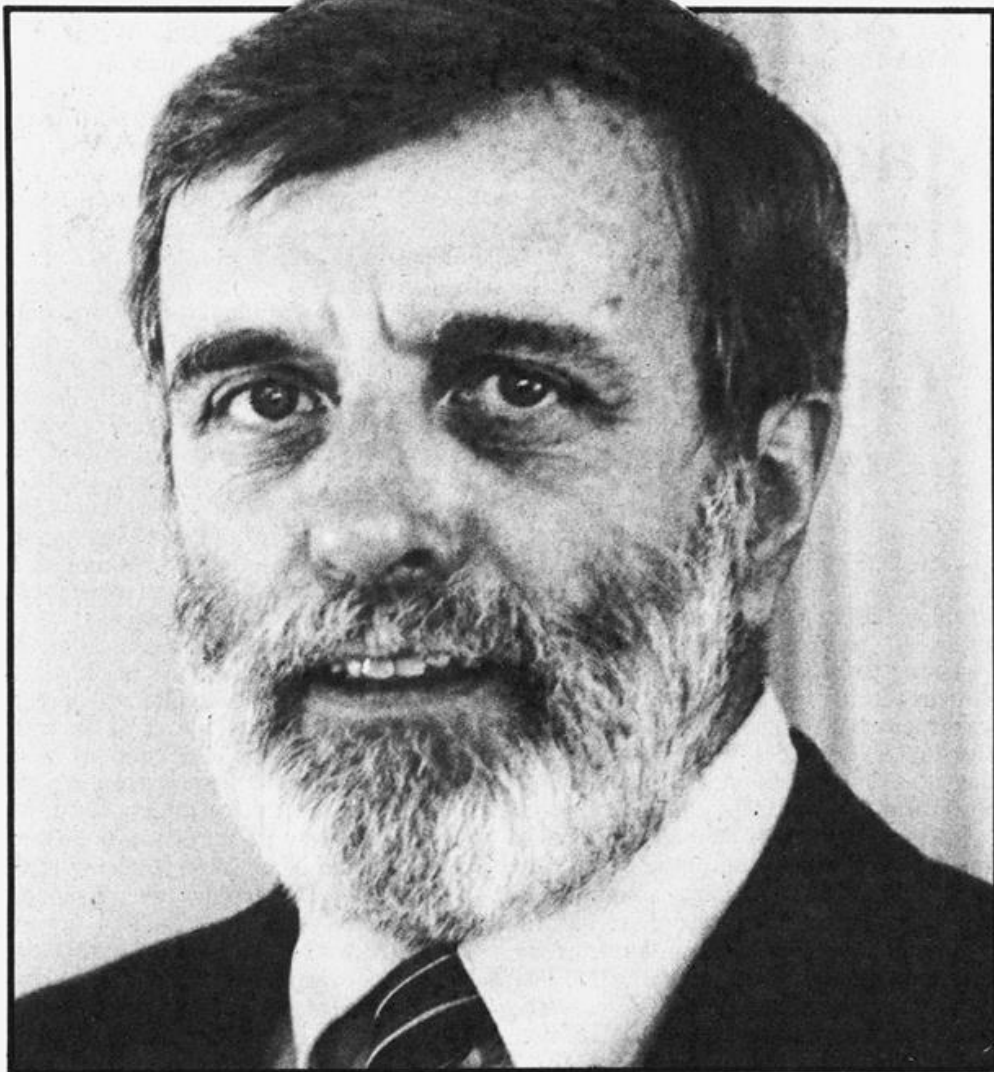


**Future facts:
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See pg. 23

Wide World

"KIDDIE DOC" NAMED HEAD OF U.S. ADAMHA



• Dr. Donald Macdonald: no mealy-mouthed politico.

by Charles Winston-Levy

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"I COULDN'T SAY THE Pledge of Allegiance today," Donald Ian Macdonald confessed to the annual Washington convention of the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, "because I was so choked up when that 'Star-Spangled Banner' played. There is a sense of patriotism now. It's marvelous to know that the kids in this country respect the uniform now, and look at things in a positive way that kids did not look at in a positive sense four or five years ago."

Donald Macdonald is not some mealy-mouthed New Right politico cynically grubbing for votes. He's the acting director of the federal Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration (ADAMHA), and he is absolutely sincere in

Market Quotes p.27 • Grow American p.28

every single thing he says. He is not a duplicitous man, nor very complicated, either. He firmly believes that he owes his prestigious appointment to ADAMHA to the political influence of the national parents'-power phalange, and that they also engineered the placement of his close friend, Carleton Turner, as the President's personal advisor on drug-abuse policy in 1981.

"People know this organization," Macdonald gratefully told the enraptured "parents" assembled, "that was powerful enough to put Carleton Turner in the White House and powerful enough to put me into ADAMHA. And they're going to hear more about us." The conyention hall erupted into tumultuous, sustained applause. There was not a dry eye in the place. Everyone felt they had accomplished something grand and wonderful, against impossible odds. And they were absolutely correct.

"I'm just sitting here," Macdonald had wistfully told HIGH TIMES Magazine six months before this triumph, from his doctor's office in South Florida, "watching and waiting, hoping I get nominated." Things were a great deal scarier then.

Straight To The Top

DR. DONALD IAN MACDONALD IS CONFIDENTLY expected to be confirmed as ADAMHA director after a brisk Senate confirmation hearing sometime this spring, and a minimum of public controversy. Until 1988, therefore, Macdonald will be in charge of directing the research and disbursing the funds of a billion-dollar annual federal budget. Besides administering the 1,800 beds at St. Elizabeth's Mental Hospital here, ADAMHA presides over the operations and appointments of the National Institute of Mental Health and the National Institute on Drug Abuse, awarding 1,100 research grants every year, and training 1000 new researchers. Dr. Macdonald himself, previously a pediatrician with a private practice in Clearwater, Florida, has never done any clinical research, nor has he ever published a research report in any professional journal subject to peer review by degreed physicians or scientists. Therefore, Macdonald's appointment to run ADAMHA caused quite a flurry of consternation when it was originally proposed by the White House in late 1983.

Health and Human Services director Margaret Heckler was louder than any other party in her public criticisms of Macdonald, which were expressed in a crisp letter sent last March to the White House Office of Personnel. The White House had been promoting their selection of Macdonald for four months by that time, and flatly refusing to consider the merits of any other possible nominee, such as Mrs. Heckler's own suggestion for ADAMHA director, Dr. Bernard Grossman of the University of Utah. Dr. Grossman, a neuropsychiatrist with scores of research projects and academic publica-

tions to his credit, would certainly have been a less controversial nominee than a pediatrician publicly allied with various questionable "parents" groups, Mrs. Heckler's memo intimated.

"Dr. Macdonald professionally is a practicing family pediatrician. His involvement in drug abuse goes back only three years, and his expertise is not as a researcher or technician, but rather as a parent advocate. He has no knowledge or expertise in the basic fields of ADAMHA," the HSS letter charged. "His strategy is to use the position as a 'bully pulpit' to espouse [*sic*] his views on drug abuse in America. Although his goals are worthwhile, ADAMHA is not the right place."

"Certain controversial and potentially embarrassing issues" were likely to be stirred up by Macdonald's appointment to ADAMHA, Heckler pointed out, such as his connection to STRAIGHT, Inc., the murky East Coast "drug treatment" outfit. "Although this activity was omitted from his resumé" when he applied for the ADAMHA job months before, Dr. Macdonald had served since 1980 as STRAIGHT's official "medical director,"

Macdonald's drug policy thrust: Get teens off pot!

even while STRAIGHT was being sued in Virginia by one of its former "clients" for illegal imprisonment and physical and mental abuse. The Virginia court agreed that the plaintiff, a teenager whom the STRAIGHT staff in Florida had mistakenly suspected was a marijuana smoker, had been kidnapped into the STRAIGHT "rehabilitation" enclave there, and systematically subjected to physical abuse and sleep deprivation and other techniques of systematic behavior-modification, in an attempt to get him to admit that he had voluntarily sought treatment. The Virginia court accordingly awarded the ex-client \$250,000 in damages for illegal imprisonment, in early 1983; in late 1983, when Dr. Macdonald of Clearwater was being pushed for the ADAMHA slot, he was still being touted by STRAIGHT as their medical director, even though—as Heckler's letter to the White House pointed out—he had not chosen to mention his STRAIGHT involvement in his official resumé.

"The techniques used by STRAIGHT, Inc.," observed Mrs. Heckler, "are, at best, at the fringe of clinically acceptable approaches to drug treatment. Although successful in some cases, the technique applied by STRAIGHT is not suitable as a first approach, and runs the further risk of creating other forms of psychological damage in the patient." STRAIGHT's "heavy use of peer pressure and intimidation," she noted, "has been likened to brainwashing."

Just in case Macdonald's nomination should be formalized by the President in spite of everything, however, Heckler left herself a slightly awkward way to back out: "The purpose of this memo," she told the White House, "should not be taken as opposition to Dr. Macdonald's candidacy, but rather as informational to the selection and nomination process." Whatever that may have meant, exactly.

Science Daddies Fret

SCIENCE MAGAZINE, PUBLISHED BY THE American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAAS) in Washington, was only slightly less fretful in their article on the new ADAMHA nominee, a couple of weeks after Heckler's letter had been leaked to the *U.S. Journal of Drug And Alcohol Dependence*. Macdonald's appointment was the focus of "opposition from top government health officials and drug abuse experts," noted *Science* author Constance Holden, in the April 13, 1984 issue. Sen. Orrin Hatch of Utah himself was promoting Dr. Grossman for the ADAMHA job, and professional medical associations were heavily in favor of noted Yale addiction expert Dr. Herbert Kleber; but, somehow, this Florida pediatrician appeared to have it sewn up. "Macdonald has the strong support of parents' groups, particularly the National Federation of Parents for Drug-Free Youth, and his champion in the White House has been Carleton E. Turner, the President's special assistant for drug abuse policy," *Science* revealed.

As for Macdonald's own qualifications for the job, he told *Science*, "He is concerned about the 'disenfranchisement' of parents, and the need to deal with drug abuse in the context of the family." Summed up writer Holden: "Macdonald seems to embody this Administration's principal drug policy thrust, which may be summed up as: get the teenagers off marijuana. How this may affect the rest of ADAMHA's research agenda remains to be seen."

At exactly the same point in time last spring, Dr. Macdonald's first-ever book appeared on the market: a 120-page paperback called *Drugs, Drinking and Adolescents*, published by a commercial Midwestern medical-text company. In it, Dr. Macdonald celebrates paraquat spraying as a splendid way to scare the kids off drugs in general, emphasizes that parents have the right to have their own children arrested by the police

under certain conditions, and calls for an intensified crackdown on marijuana in the schools. "Confidentiality and consent to treatment are not absolute rights," believes Dr. Macdonald. Doctors are not necessarily obliged to conceal confidential health information from their patients' parents or (in various situations) from their employers.

Even while the Heckler memo to the White House was still in print in the *U.S. Journal*, and the *Science* magazine article was being mailed out to AAAS members, President Reagan on April 6, 1984 officially confirmed his nomination of Dr. Donald Ian Macdonald to head ADAMHA for the next four years.

Donald MacResearch?

"WE'LL HAVE GOLDEN ARCHES in front of St. Elizabeth's," Washington mental-health researchers began wisecracking when Donald Macdonald's nomination was formalized. "We'll be doing MacResearch."

In her memo to the White House just a month before, Margaret Heckler had declared that many leading members of professional medical associations had expressed great concern to her, privately, about the Macdonald nomination; few of them were prepared to do so publicly, however, for fear of having their ADAMHA funds cut in case of Macdonald's successful appointment. The National Alliance on Mental Illness, however, with 265 chapters around the country, had firmly voiced their own opposition. "It's William Burroughs come true," a New York City psychiatric expert blurted to *HIGH TIMES* after Macdonald's appointment: "The crazy houses are being run by the crazy people."

For several months afterward, although absolutely no medical professional would discuss the Macdonald coup for the record, the whole business was the topic of much gossip and speculation among Washington government and journalistic circles. Dr. Macdonald's name had indeed been tossed into the ring, in late 1983, by Carleton Turner of the White House Office of Drug Policy. Turner, an organic chemist who himself served for years as a "medical" advisor for various New Right "parents'" outfits, was known to be heavily backed by Mrs. Nancy Reagan in making this appointment. Mrs. Reagan had been very much impressed by this young, bearded pediatrician, whom she had met at parents'-power conferences all around the country, and reportedly she'd pressed for his appointment to ADAMHA with personal zeal, and the support of her husband, the President, himself.

Still, things might have turned out otherwise, by all accounts, except for Turner's boss in the White House Office of Policy Development, John Svann. Before 1983, Svann had served under Margaret Heckler at HSS, until relations between him and Heckler reportedly grew so acrimonious

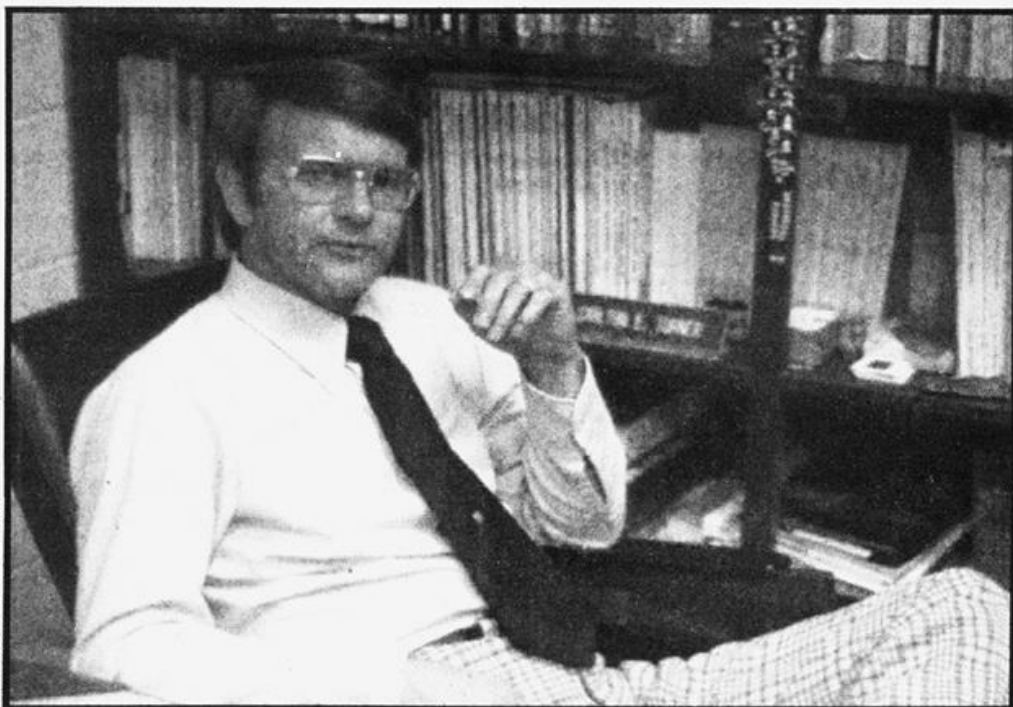


Photo by Ed Rosenthal

● Carleton Turner, pot farmer turned Drug Czar.

that Svann moved over to a new administrative post at the White House. There, one of Svann's first projects was this ADAMHA appointment. When Heckler at HSS instantly voiced consternation about it, Svann evidently saw a chance to ruffle her feathers, by promoting Macdonald's name in preference to any more thoroughly-qualified administrative professional.

Then, after Dr. Macdonald chose not to list his affiliation with STRAIGHT on his resumé submitted to Svann's office, it appears that Svann may have been a trifle embarrassed by the sudden news that his favored appointee had ever been involved with an organization proven to have conducted the kidnapping of teenagers. ("I have at no time been involved with program direction," Macdonald tells the press.) By this time, however, chemist Turner's exuberant promotion of Macdonald's name in preference to such illustrious professionals as Dr. Grossman and Dr. Kleber had pretty much painted Svann into a corner on the issue. To withdraw the nomination would have been construed as conceding error on the part of the White House Office of Policy Development, and Nancy and Ronald Reagan themselves.

Therefore, in early April, President Reagan silenced the controversy by publicly placing his entire personal prestige behind Dr. Macdonald of Clearwater. Public opposition to the appointment instantly ceased, although many observers were anticipating a lively fight over Macdonald's Senate confirmation hearings. The panel in charge of the hearings, the Senate Committee on Labor and Human Resources, is chaired by Utah's Orrin Hatch, who had stoutly promoted Dr. Grossman's nomination.

A confirmation battle was also successfully avoided, however, when the White House abruptly named Macdonald to be "acting administrator" of ADAMHA for the rest of the election year, 1984. This postponed formal confirmation hearings for nearly a year, during which time, of course, Macdonald became a permanent fixture at ADAMHA. Not even Sen. Hatch would be likely to deny approval to a man who had sat in the job, with the total approval of the President, for nearly a year already.

No Big Deal

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, MOST EXPERIENCED observers of the Washington scene agree, Dr. Macdonald's appointment to ADAMHA is likely to change little there. Although the position of ADAMHA administrator is exalted and public, the actual day-to-day operations of the bureau have been capably run for many years by Dr. Robert Trachtenberg, deputy assistant ADAMHA administrator. Trachtenberg was in effective charge of ADAMHA all through the term of Macdonald's predecessor as administrator, Dr. William Meyer of California. When Reagan was governor of California, Meyer was in charge of all the state's "abuse" services there, and specialized in talking loud and tough about dope while his subordinates actually did the administrative work. Meyer performed at ADAMHA the same way, thanks to Trachtenberg's modesty and capability, and this is obviously the way Donald Macdonald expects to run it too: as his "bully pulpit."

When the controversy around Macdonald's ADAMHA appointment was still "hot" last

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LEGAL DRUGS NOW TARGET OF BIG BROTHER PISS TESTS

by Dean Latimer

"THE URINALYSIS IS DESIGNED TO IDENTIFY various types of prescription or nonprescription drugs in the body," the annual medical-examination authorization form warns every employee at the Moraine Chevrolet plant in Dayton, Ohio, as of this year. "The test will detect drugs taken today, yesterday or in the recent past. Therefore, it is necessary to indicate properly all forms of medication which you may have taken."

Every nonmanagement employee at the plant, from secretarial staff to assembly-line workers, is then given a space in which to write down the names of any drugs they may have taken in the last few days or weeks. "This includes aspirin, cold pills, cough medicine, nerve pills [sic], vitamins, etc.," the form stipulates. Since the form doesn't stipulate what particular drugs are routinely tested for by the plant's contract urinalysis lab, employees perforce are extorted into divulging anything they may have taken, from Kayopectate to cocaine to Dilantin. "FALSIFICATION OF THIS STATEMENT," the form warns in capital letters, "COULD RESULT IN TERMINATION OF EMPLOYMENT."

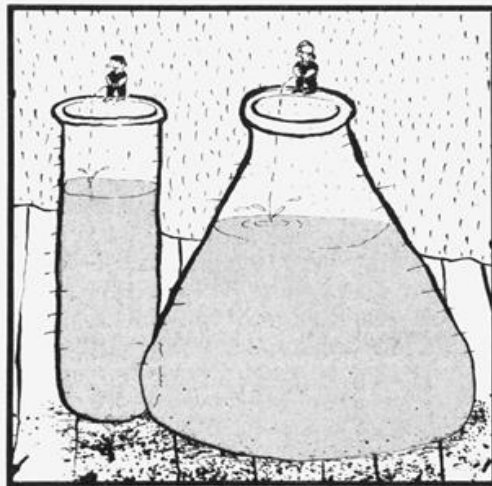
This is happening in private and municipal corporations everywhere in America nowadays. Recently, two persons were turned down for employment by the New York City Transit Authority after being forced in this way to divulge that they were taking prescription antidepressants, Tofranil and Elavil, in the course of private psychiatric therapy; they contacted the Legal Action Center in Manhattan, where they were advised that little could realistically be done for them. "There are already hundreds of job applicants and employees fighting the Transit Authority, in court and in labor arbitration, because of unconfirmed urine-test positives for marijuana and cocaine and heroin," they were told. "Tofranil and Elavil aren't even abuse drugs."

HIGH TIMES was of hardly any more effective assistance. The NYCTA, when contacted by the magazine, openly conceded that they routinely test the urine samples of all job applicants and employees for non-abusable drugs, including the antidepressants Tofranil, Elavil and Sinequan. Moreover, every municipal corporation in New York City also urine-tests for phenothiazine-based antipsychotic medications such as Thorazine and Stelazine; for mild tranquilizers and painkillers and cough medicines, such as Valium, Percodan and codeine; and even for Dilantin, an anticonvulsant drug all epileptics have to take every day of their

lives. Inquiries by HIGH TIMES have determined that routine urine-testing for all these resolutely nonabusable prescription drugs is now standard policy in municipal corporations all around the country, and by an ever-widening number of private employers.

Is It Legal?

"THAT SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE SKIRTING on the borders of invasion of privacy," said Michelle Klaich, public-information director at the Syntex Corporation in California, when advised by HIGH TIMES that employers everywhere were using Syntex's hardware to look for legitimate prescription drugs in the urine of employees and job applicants. The diagnostic-technology division of Syntex, the Syva Company of Palo Alto, merchandises two separate lines of quick, inexpensive urinalysis devices: the DAU ("drugs-of-abuse-urinalysis") line, compris-



Santiago Cohen

ing tests for "illicit" dope like marijuana and cocaine, and the TDM ("therapeutic-drug-monitoring") line, testing for "licit" drugs like Dilantin and phenothiazines and so on. Klaich said it was the conviction of Syntex/Syva that Dilantin, in particular, is devoid of "abusable" properties, and she indicated forcefully that the use of their TDM line by employers everywhere, to screen employees and job applicants, had been unknown to Syntex before HIGH TIMES advised her of it. The Syntex Corporation merely merchandises these diagnostic instruments to laboratories, Klaich has explained in the past; the laboratories then offer their services to employers and so on through standard full-service contracts, and Syntex is not to be held legally culpable for how their drug paraphernalia may be abused by its end consumers.

Her suspicion that there may be something faintly illegal about this abuse of piss-

test technology was not shared by an administrator at the American Occupational Medical Association in Cleveland who was interviewed by HIGH TIMES. The Association, a branch of the American Medical Association, sees nothing new or disturbing about employees in every walk of American industry being suddenly subjected to technological surveillance of their on-and-off-the-job drug intake, prescription or otherwise. "You had better do your homework," he told this reporter reprovingly.

Insurance companies, he explained, have been routinely analyzing the urine of their clients for years, setting a precedent for employers now to do the same to their employees. He conceded that the confirmed presence of Dilantin in a urine sample is a dead giveaway that the donor is epileptic, just as the presence of phenothiazines indicates that the donor has been diagnosed as a prepsychotic schizophrenic, and the presence of antidepressants indicates current treatment for chronic depression. This does not, however, illegally violate the statutory conditions of doctor-patient confidentiality in which that person's diagnosis was made by his or her personal physician. "When an employee furnishes a urine sample in an employment situation," it was explained, "that person enters into a new doctor-patient relationship with the company's medical staff."

The American Occupational Medical Association's "Code of Ethics" very emphatically deplores the notion of company medical personnel divulging the contents of any employees' urine to their mutual employer, HIGH TIMES was told. The Association's Code of Ethics is not so extremely strict, though, that it compels the Association itself to monitor how often this unethical conduct by its members assuredly occurs. "There are too many plants and shops," this person snapped. "Complaints should be taken up with the State Medical Society in which it happens, not with us." His Code of Ethics is none too strict on buck-passing, either, evidently.

Big Brother's Bladder

"IT'S BIG BROTHER," SAID STUNNED spokespersons for the Epilepsy Foundation of America, the Foundation for Mental Illness, the Mental Health Law Project, the National Alliance on Mental Health, and even the New York State Division of Substance Abuse Services. "It's Big Brother," every single one of them independently exclaimed, when advised by HIGH TIMES how drug-urinalysis technology has finally succeeded in abolishing the civil rights of epileptics and psychiatric patients in America.

"I can see them testing for cocaine or marijuana," said Renee Stein of the Foundation for Mental Illness in New York City. "But these drugs—that's discrimination."

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by Jane Hathaway

IF YOU THOUGHT SERIOUS "FUTURISTS" moaned and groaned through a no-hope 1984, guess again. The scientists and scholars of the World Future Society were as forward-looking as usual, and now they've released their Top Ten forecasts for the coming years. Sure, a lot of the future looks, well, kinda rough, but, hey, they're still working on it. The Top Ten:

- Moderate estimates indicate that there will be 35,000 installed robots in America by 1990. The robot population is growing at the rate of 30 percent a year, compared to about two percent for the human population.

- By the 1990s, animal and plant species may be disappearing at the rate of 10,000 per year, largely due to the destruction of tropical forests. Every hour one species will become extinct, some biologists believe.

- The U.S. may have a permanent base on the moon by the year 2007, NASA planners believe.

- Soil erosion is becoming a major problem, and it will hit farmers and consumers in the pocketbook. By the year 2020, most of the soil in southern Iowa will be severely eroded. Each acre will require 38 additional pounds of fertilizer and 38 percent more fuel for tilling.

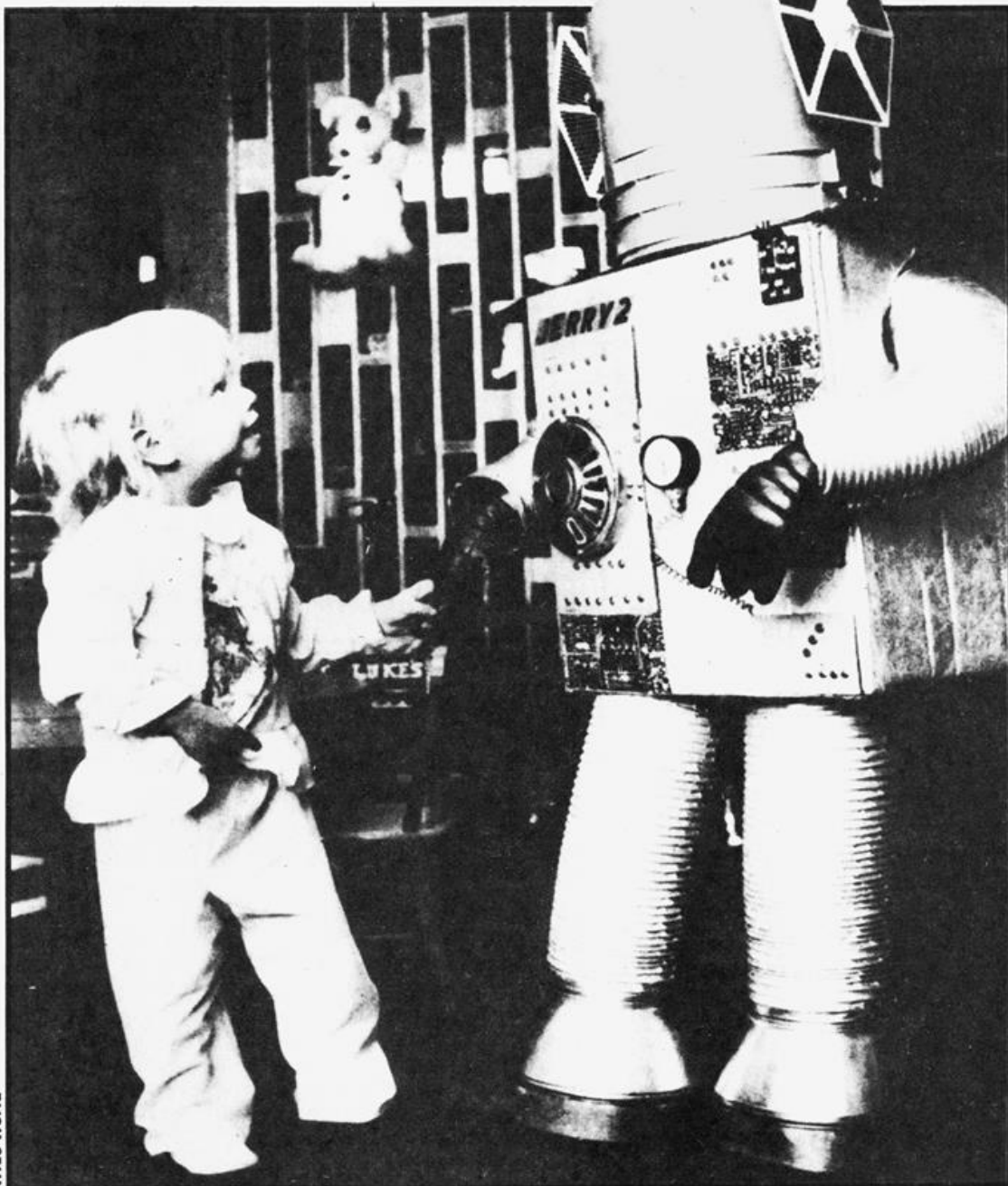
- Blue-collar workers will make up only 10 percent of the American work force by the turn of the century, say sources in the insurance industry.

- More people will be born in the year 2050 than were born in the 1500 years after the year 1 A.D., unless present growth rates are drastically lowered, population experts say.

The 85 and over age group is the fastest growing segment of the population. There will be 100,000 people in the U.S. over the age of 100 by the end of the century.

- Health-care costs in the U.S. will amount to one trillion dollars in 1993 at the current rate of increase. This will be about 20 percent of the nation's gross national product.

- Microcomputing technology could reduce car accidents to 10 percent of current levels.



Wide World

• U.S. robot population could reach 35,000 by 1990.

FUTURISTS FORECAST THINGS TO COME

The Swedish National Road Administration is currently experimenting with the new technology in an effort to make seat belts obsolete by the year 2040.

- Population will continue to grow at enormous rates in the Third World. Kenya is the fastest growing country in the world, with an annual popu-

lation growth rate of 4.1 percent. By 2020, there will be four times as many Kenyans as there are today.

- The supply of scientific information grows at about 13 percent each year. With anticipated increases in information systems technology, this annual rate could jump above 30 per-

cent by the turn of the century.

These are the forecasts, not predictions and, like the weather, are certainly subject to change. If you can't wait to find out more about what's ahead, check out the society's magazine, *The Futurist* (4916 St. Elmo Ave., Bethesda, MD 20814). HT

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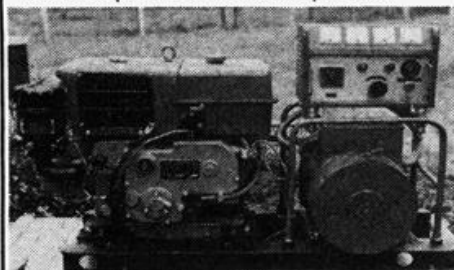
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• Mr. Rogers' theme song caused a blow-up in Ohio nuclear plant.

NUKE NASTIES BLAST NEIGHBORLY WORKER

NORTH PERRY, OHIO

A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT ELECTRICIAN was fired for playing the *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* theme song over the plant's public address system during a mock disaster drill. The employee, Larry Nudelman, had been playing the theme song every morning for three months in order to boost morale among his fellow nuke toilers. Nudelman called it an "innocent whim," and indeed the song did have the intended effect of perking up the plant workers when it was piped over the loudspeakers every morning promptly at 7:30. It's not hard to imagine that workers constructing a nuclear power plant 30 miles northeast of Cleveland would need *something* to brighten their day.

But the plant bosses didn't see it that way. When the song was played during the disaster drill, they exploded. Seems the drill was

being overseen by officials from both the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Federal Emergency Management Agency. Suddenly, the tension of the drill was broken by the voice of Mister Rogers, singing "It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood, a beautiful day for a neighbor... Won't you be my neighbor?" The nuke honchos blew their stacks—when the song ended, an official of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company came on the loudspeaker to sternly remind workers that a test was in progress and the public address system was not to be used for unauthorized business. Shortly thereafter, the 38-year-old Nudelman was given the boot.

"It gets my kids going," said the newly-unemployed electrician of the song. "I thought it would help us at the plant."

Mister Rogers could not be reached for comment. HT

MacDonald

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spring, numerous mental-health and drug-abuse professionals contacted by HIGH TIMES privately expressed considerable apprehension about it, off the record. Now that the appointment appears to be a *fait accompli*, predictably, nearly all these people are currently expressing surprise (and for the public record) to find Dr. Macdonald a

more astute, intelligent, and generally splendid administrator than they had anticipated. "He's the Ass to Kiss now," one still-disgruntled person remarked, "and that one always tastes better than you'd expected."

As for drug-politics journalists, they couldn't be happier. For the next four years, the head of ADAMHA will be a dependable source of colorful, sure-sell "Kids On Drugs" copy. "If he didn't exist, we would have had to invent him," one scribe rejoices. HT

Big Brother

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"We have not paid much attention to this issue," confessed Joe Manis of the Mental Health Law Project in Washington. Up until this latest development in piss-testing for script drugs, he explained, legal advocates for psychiatric patients had been in court continuously over the fundamental question of whether employers are entitled to simply ask employees whether they're in psychiatric treatment. That whole controversy is now *de facto* resolved in favor of the employers, Manis agreed, because urine tests don't ask anything. "I'm developing a new respect for my urine," he declared.

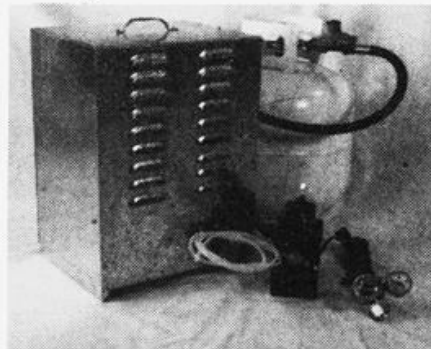
"It puts a person between a rock and a hard place," recognized Debbie Zuckerman, in the legal-advocacy wing of the Epilepsy Foundation of America in Landover, Maryland. The Epilepsy Foundation has also spent many years, and plenty of its members' contributions, arguing endlessly in court whether employers have the right to even ask whether employees are epileptic. When asked this question on employment forms, many epileptics lie and say they're not, aware that employers everywhere have, will, and do routinely discriminate against epileptics. Now that routine Dilantin urinalysis is possible, employers no longer have to ask at all; they can simply deny employment to any applicant who pulls a Dilantin piss positive, and they can fire any hitherto-undetected epileptic employee for falsifying his or her employment forms in the first place.

Who's In Charge?

DR. ROBERT DUPONT, COCHAIRMAN OF the American Council on Drug Education in Rockville, Maryland, has been the single most vociferous exponent of drug testing in "workplace" situations in America ever since 1978, when he was fired as head of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. It is Dr. DuPont's professed goal to ensure that eventually every worker and student in America will be entirely "drug-free" when he or she "presents" for work or school. It has been impossible for HIGH TIMES to reach Dr. DuPont for comment on this new development in industrial piss-testing; he does not take calls from HIGH TIMES.

DuPont's partner in Bensinger & DuPont Associates—a Chicago-based firm which specializes in advising large corporations on how to enlarge their on-and-off-the-job surveillance over employees, using "drug" issues as the pretext—is Peter Bensinger, fired in 1982 from the Drug Enforcement Administration. "I can't help you with this inquiry," Bensinger told HIGH TIMES. "I don't think it's permissible to even encourage debate in the pages of that magazine. I hope you can respect my position," he said foolishly. HT

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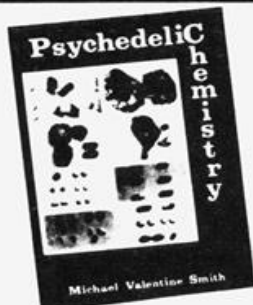


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TRANS-HIGH MARKET QUOTATIONS

IT'S A BARGAIN

by Gene Wheelwright

Here in New York, in mid-January, the market is flooded with dope. The usual end-of-season glut of sinsemilla on the West Coast never materialized here, and connoisseurs make do with what they can scam from Kentucky and Maine and such. Occasional importations of California sinse—or sometimes Hawaiian—get snatched up on arrival, like meteors burning up in the atmosphere. It's the peak season for the dope bazaar, and a buyer's market. Innumerable choices of highs are around, and you see people going by on the New York sidewalks tripping at every imaginable level.

There was some uneasiness and discontent here with the sinsemilla price structure this season—not so much because of the price itself as the overall cultural sphincter-tightening that has gone down under Reagan. We understand there's been considerably more

resistance out West to the rising, premium prices those growers up north are always demanding. Yes, \$2,300 is a lot to pay for a pound's worth of smoke—not to mention the \$3,200 we've heard of Hawaiian going for.

But we're willing to give the growers the benefit of the doubt—because we know, ourselves, what's really involved in bringing in a harvest of high-quality marijuana. We know the level of energy that it takes to tend a crop from start to finish—and what you have to put up with in the way of pests, paranoia and rip-offs, both criminal and judicial.

Americans are notorious for taking their food and their farmers for granted. In this case we would suggest that all of you who owe your occasional, more blessed states of consciousness to your grower or your dealer, think of not only the energy expended but the energy *risks* by these devoted

public servants who see to it that our sacrament is on hand when we want to get high. Good friends of our acquaintance recently lost a truckload of some of California's finest buds after running into a random roadblock—suddenly plummeting \$80,000 into the hole, not counting the extra fifteen or twenty grand in legal fees and/or payoffs that it took to keep their busted man out of the snakepit. They're working on recouping their losses—but they haven't raised their prices.

So give these folks a break who are putting their ass on the line for the sake of your sensual-ephemeral flash. Kings of yore were known to sack their treasuries for just one of those major neurological transformations that you probably take for granted. In light of these uptight times, with their built-in impediments to getting high, we say the price we pay for our dope is a bargain.

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins

Austin, Tex.	green-gold buds, oz	\$70-120
	Tex-Mex hash, variety store	oz 90-120
	acid, yuppie dose, one	2-5
	yuppie price	
	coke, snuffle dust	gm 100
	speed, big demand & big busts	gm 90-100
	'ludes, few around, one	2-5
	"purple daze"	
	ketamine, small, gm	10-20
	cozy scene	
	MDA, or was it	1000 750
	MDM?	
Boston	Vermont sinse, oz	200
	skimmed off, rare	
	Vermont leftovers, oz	150
	for outsiders	
Boulder, Colo.	Colombo red sinse	oz 100
	ADAM, or "XTC," one	12.50
	or was it MDA? gm	85-100
Butte County, Calif.	beauty buds, oz	200
	top of the tops	lb 2100
Louisville, Ky.	kickass sinse, raggedy maryjane	lb 800-1200
Madison, Wis.	red Leb, only thing	oz 100
	around—yikes	lb 1400-1500
Meigs County, Ohio	indica buds, that's	oz 150-200
	all we know	lb 1800-2000
New York City	Colombian, leafy	200 lbs 75,000
	middle-grade	
	Connecticut sinse, oz	175
	unassuming	lb 1350-1500
	Jamaican "Jam cans," silver foil	lb 550-800
	Maine reefer, oz	150
	spastic manicure	lb 1750
	Mexican sinse, 50 lbs	28,250
	with buds even	
	Thai, loose, lb	1350-2000
	goldish buds	
	Kashmiri templeballs, super-goo	lb 3000
	Afghani primo, lb	3000
	ebony adhesive	
	Paki, stamped "Free Afghanistan"	lb 1350-1800
Oakland, Calif.	indoor sativa/indica, lb	1600-1800
	4-toke dope	

San Francisco

	northern California green	oz 165-225
	lb 1800-2600	
	Thai buds, non-competitive	oz 175
	lb 2000-2200	
	high-test Colombo, oz	50
	scarce	lb 650
	Mexican sinse, oz	50
	vast quantity	lb 600
	red Leb hashish, oz	100
	pertussive	lb 1500
	black hash	100 lbs 1300
	white lightnin' windowne, f' real	gm 4,300
	yellow & black blotter acid	one 2
	coke, mostly shit	gm 90-120

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	grade A fancy, oz	\$125-250
	undammed flow	lb 1600-2600
	Domestic sinse, oz	100-200
	Ky., Vt., Me., etc.	lb 1200-1800
Hawaiian sinse	prestige prices	lb 2250-3200
Commercial	sinsemilla nuggets, oz	75
Mexican	serious challenge	lb 700-800
Thai weed	dark green bricks, oz	125-175
	poor man's primo	lb 1500-1900
	loose, goldish buds	lb 1350-2000
	salt of the earth, oz	50-75
Jamaican commercial	seeds & stems	lb 450-700
Colombian	breakweed, oz	35-60
merseh	street scene	lb 450-525
Afghani hash	blackgum	lb 1500-3000
Red Leb hash	old standby	lb 1500
Mushrooms	psilocybe cubensis	lb 400-500
	supreme	oz 85-100
LSD	white lightning, gm	3500
	original process	
Colombian coke	avalanche of rocks & flakes, 94% +	oz 1550-1950
	kilo	45,000

ENGLAND

Afghani black hash	solace in the north country	oz £80-100
Nepalese hash	too desirable for bulk sales	wt 1050-1200
Lebanese hash	red and hard	oz 60
		wt 550

Moroccan hash	tan and soft	oz 40
		wt 400
Domestic sinse	"homegrown flower heads"	oz 30
Domestic green	after the flowers	oz 20
	have gone	wt 350
African grass	at least it's some	oz 70
	kind of smoke	wt 700-800
Thai grass	best of the imports	oz 120
LSD	still holding its own	one 2.50
		100 80-100
Psilocybin	the organic route	gm 5
Cocaine	your basic candy	gm 45-80
Speed	"Hell is discovered"	gm 8-14
		oz 150

HONG KONG

Kashmir hash	blond, market flooded	gm \$2.50
		kilo 1250
Nepalese hash	stone, laced with opium	gm 6
	scarce, some stamped	kilo 2500
Paki hash	black is beautiful	gm 3.50
	rare, from Chaing Mai	kilo 2500
Thai buds		oz 80
Philippine gold	easier to find, still a thrill	kilo 50
		1000

ITALY

Italian homegrown	"acrid European taste; 2-hour hit"	gm \$3
African weed	hardly around now, squeezed out	gm 5
Moroccan hash	average "primero"	gm 3-5
Moroccan chocolate hash	dark outside, light inside; succulent	gm 6-7
Moroccan sputnik hash	high quality, very bright, spacey	gm 8-9
Cocaine	toot sweet	gm 60

Trans-High Market Quotations publishes the most current and relevant dope data. Send your reliable and unbiased information to THMQ, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

BODACIOUS BLOW-UPS

Magnified pot pics help lead to higher herb

by "T.L."

A VERY CLOSE-UP VIEW OF CANNABIS REVEALS another dimension of the plant's life. Cultivators can use magnification to determine the sex of the plant, as well as to diagnose plant maladies, particularly insect infestations. Life processes such as the development of a seed in a pod can also be observed under lenses.

An 8x photographer's loop or a 30x self-lighted portable field microscope are inexpensive tools for observation. However, to photograph the observation, a microscope is required. They range in price from \$11.95

up to millions of dollars. Surprisingly, even an inexpensive microscope can give you a good view.

"Blister" microscopes are inexpensive low-power instruments made for viewing specimens which have depth, such as a single flower petal or a section of leaf. These scopes usually have optional eyepieces which give magnifications of 25x, 50x or 75x. These are adequate magnifications for looking at plant organs. When purchasing a microscope, always take your own specimen with you so that you get a clear idea of how the instrument functions under your circumstances.

Any microscope can be used to take photographs, but it is easier to take photos if the instrument has a light condenser. This is a group of magnifiers, filters, and an aperture diaphragm which moves up and down beneath the specimen table. It intensifies and channels the light from the scope's mirror, while filtering it to reduce glare and hot spots. Without a condenser, a much more intense light must be used.

Lighting from below creates a backlit effect suitable for photographing individual or small groups of glands. Larger specimens must also be lit from above. Polarized light, filters, and colored light can be used to emphasize different parts of the subject.

Photographs are usually taken solely through the optical system of the microscope. The camera is attached to the microscope with a tube made for this purpose. The tube enlarges the image coming through the microscope's eyepiece so that it covers most of the film frame. Camera stores do not usually stock these tubes but they can be special ordered for many camera models.

A system for taking photographs can also be rigged using extension tubes, which are commonly used for close-up photography. A hole is drilled in the center of a plastic camera cap to the exact dimension of the shaft holding the microscope's eyepiece. (This is the cap used to keep dust out of the camera body when no lens is attached.) This cap is fitted over the eyepiece of the microscope, and then the camera with about a 50 mm. extension tube attached is fitted to the camera cap. A band of tape prevents the apparatus from sliding down the microscope shaft, but the camera usually must be braced. Some tripods can be used to hold the camera steady while shooting. The cap itself can sometimes be reinforced to hold a camera by molding a flange around the inner circumference of the camera cap. Water-based hardening putty works well for this purpose.

Depth of field is very shallow under a microscope which can make getting clear shots difficult. Set up lighting and focusing mechanisms before attaching the camera to the microscope. Being aware of a point of focus and of lighting highlights will help in refocusing, using the microscope's adjustments once the camera is attached. Try exposures of one to 10 seconds on 100 ASA film.

Preparing specimens can try your patience as well as your dexterity. Attempting to cut away a single flower from a bud without destroying the glands can be a Zen experience to the max. This task is much easier to accomplish using a set of surgical tools. Examining random cuttings might also yield the ultimate specimen. □

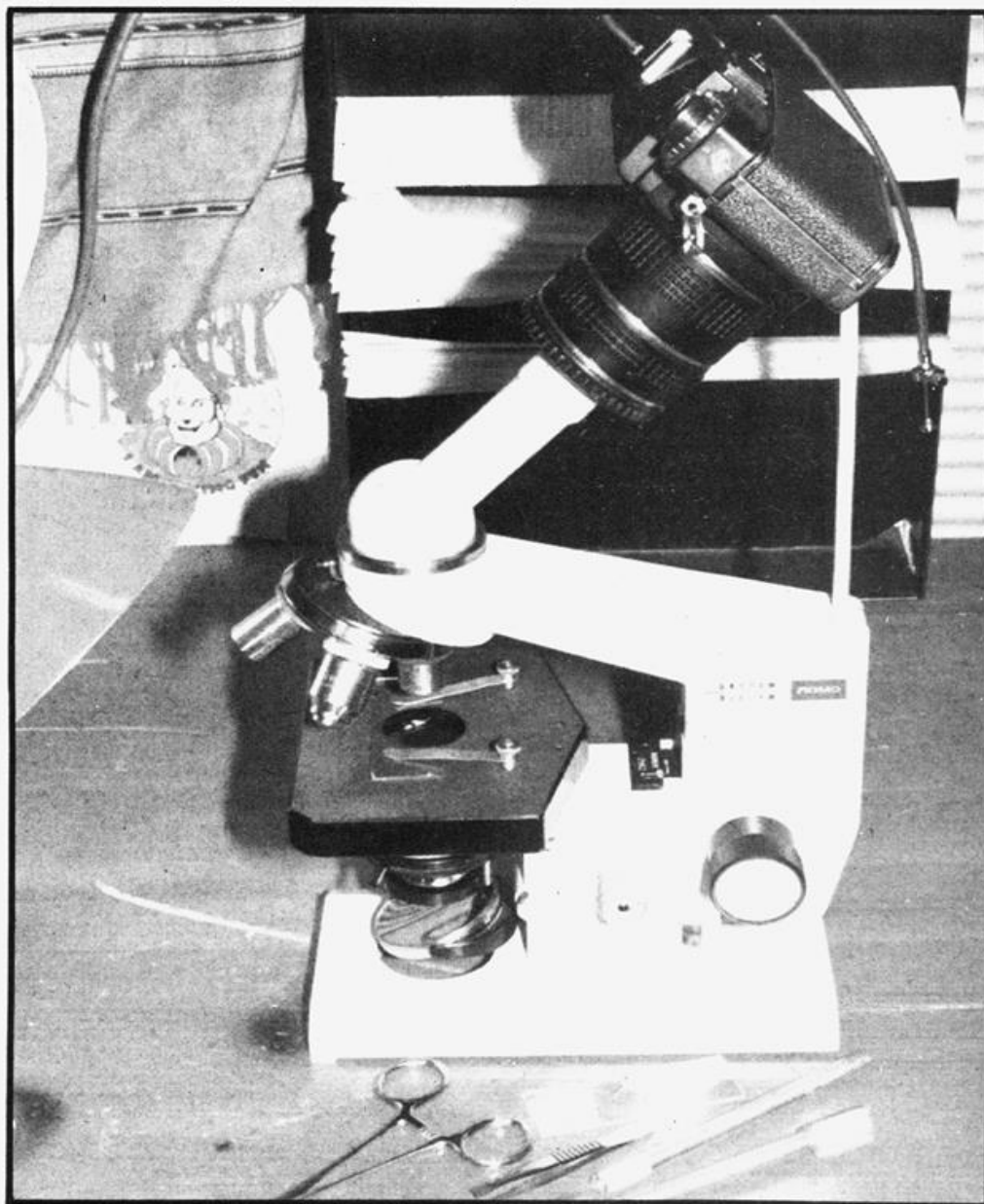
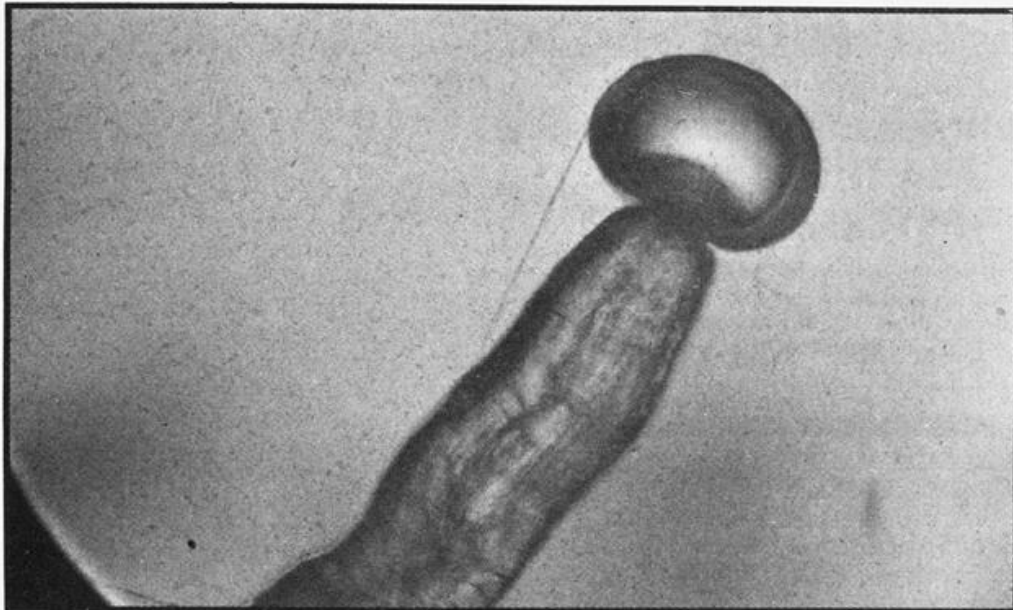
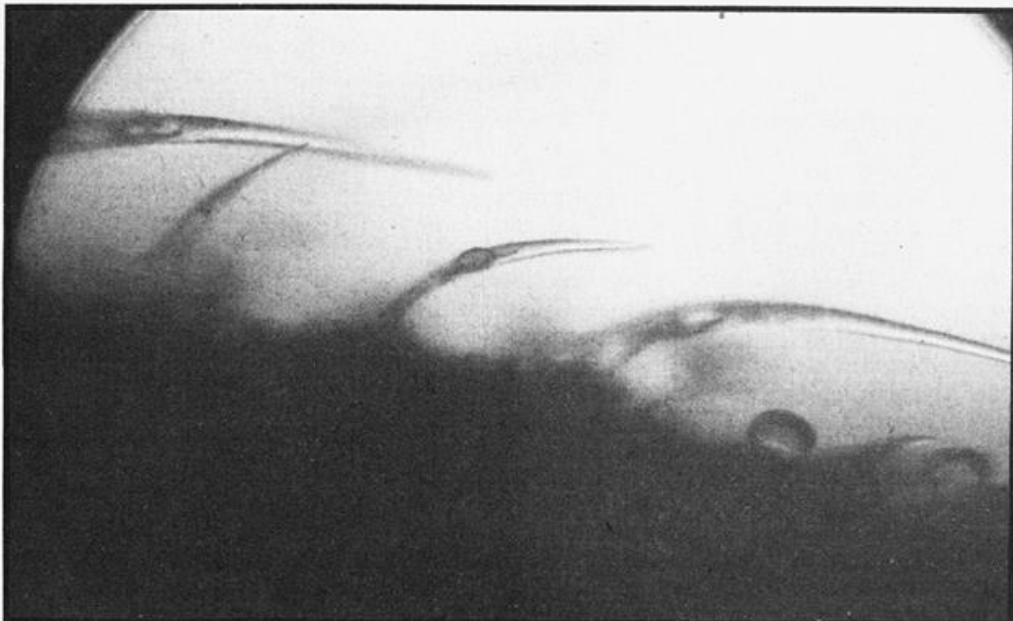


Photo by Ed Rosenthal

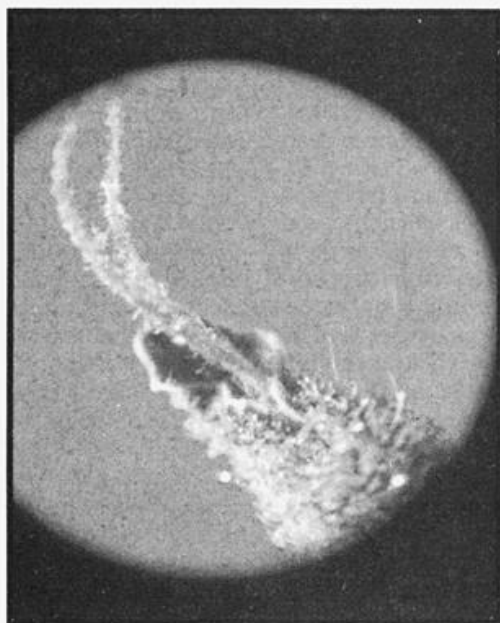
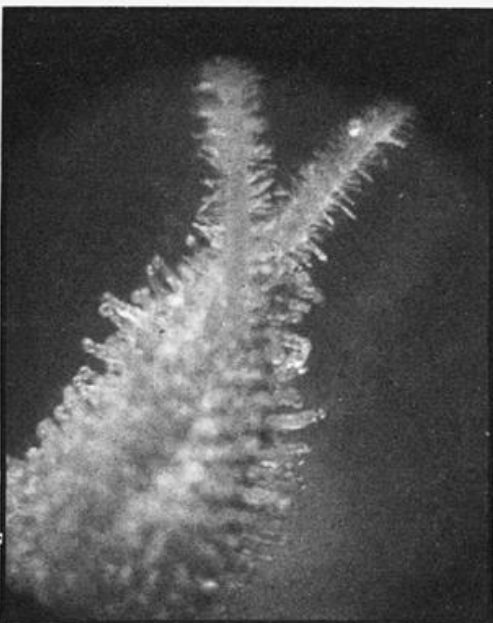
● Microscope set up with camera. Primitive dissecting instruments are displayed in foreground. Entire setup costs less than \$500.



● A single-stalked capitate gland (600 \times). The stalked capitate trichome is the most prominent gland visible through the microscope. Most of the psychoactive resins are concentrated in these glands. The glands are distinguished by their very large resin heads which hold the aromatic terpenes.



● Cystolith hairs cover much of the plant including the inside of the flower pod. The sharp barbs keep many insects at bay. These hairs contain a considerable amount of a resin-like substance of unknown composition (120 \times).



● Resin glands cover a flower gland (20 \times). These glands are fully mature—the heads have filled up with THC and other compounds.

CHARGES

MDA has been judged by the federal government to be a drug with high abuse potential and no redeeming therapeutic value. It is a Schedule I controlled substance along with heroin and LSD. There have been reports of death and serious injury from high doses of MDA, but the reported incidents have often been the result of an interaction of multiple drugs, or were caused by other substances sold as MDA on the illicit market.¹

MDA and several of its close analogues, including MDMA and MDMA, are currently experiencing an upsurge in street popularity. They're used in Brazil as XTC or Ecstasy and here as ADAM.

MDA belongs to a category of drugs known as psychotomimetic amphetamines, which combine the stimulant effects of amphetamines and the psychedelic effects of drugs like mescaline. Large doses of MDA elevate heart rate and blood pressure, and can cause an irregular heartbeat. Individual cases have been reported of cerebral aneurysm or stroke occurring after high-dose MDA ingestion (as a consequence of the elevated blood pressure), but in these cases the victims have been predisposed to stroke because of previous cerebral aneurysm or congenital defect of the blood vessels in the brain. In women, MDA may activate latent infections or other problems of the genitourinary tract.²

As to psychological toxicity—some people can suffer panic reactions or "bad trips," as with other psychedelic drugs; and some users mistake the increased heart rate for a heart attack, thus developing "cardiac anxiety," which increases the panic reaction.

NATURE AND USE

MDA is one of a family of drugs whose members are amphetamine analogues of the psychedelic drug, mescaline (methoxylated phenylethylamine). This group contains more than a thousand different but related chemical substances. Only a few dozen have been tested on human beings—a few hundred on animals. Among those

known to us are: MDA, MDMA, DOM, DOET, TMA, DMA and DMMA. All of these are similar in chemical structure and effect. They differ mostly in dosage and duration of effect. For example, MDA dosage is 100 to 150 milligrams and duration is eight to 12 hours, while DOM (known on the street as STP) is potent at five milligrams and can last from 16 to more than 24 hours. With the latter, the effects of a high dose can last so long, ebbing and returning, the user may think that they will never end.

MDA and its analogues are synthetic, but related to saffron, which is contained in oil of saffron and oil of camphor, and is the psychoactive agent in nutmeg and mace. They are produced by modifying the major psychoactive components of nutmeg and mace into their amines. MDA has been on the street since 1967, when it first appeared in the Haight-Ashbury drug culture.³

Descriptions of MDA's effects tend to sound like the fulfillment of a psychedelic user's fantasy. Users have reported the onset as a warm glow spreading through their bodies, followed by a sense of physical and mental well-being that gradually but steadily intensifies. Some have described a sense of increased coordination and an ability to do things they couldn't ordinarily do. Unlike most stimulants, however, MDA doesn't increase motor activity, but, in fact, suppresses it. Thus, consumers can sometimes sit in meditation, or do yoga and related activities, for long periods of time. For clinical subjects in a 1974 research program, MDA served as an appetite depres-

sant.⁴ Some researchers (Grinspoon and Bakalar) have concluded that MDA produces feelings of aesthetic delight, empathy, serenity, joy, insight and self-awareness, without perceptual changes, loss of control or depersonalization; and seems to eliminate anxiety and defensiveness. "The user actually feels himself to be a child, and relives childhood experiences in full immediacy, while simultaneously remaining aware of his present self and present reality."⁵

MDA and MDMA showed great promise as an adjunct to psychotherapy in extensive research carried out in the late '60s and early '70s—most prominently by Claudio Naranjo⁶ and Alexander T. Shulgin.⁷ In the mid '70s, with MDA's inclusion as a Schedule I "narcotic," research on the methoxylated amphetamines came to a standstill.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

As is true with all psychedelic drugs, effects vary with expectation and setting. MDA is not the sort of drug to be taken with alcohol and downers at wild parties. Its use can drain energy, leaving one tired and sluggish the next day. MDA may affect a woman's genitourinary tract, and may even activate latent infections and other problems. Women should be aware of this danger. It is reported to cause tension in the face and jaw muscles to the point of "bruxism," involuntary teeth grinding. At least one researcher (Weil) feels, however, that all these symptoms involve excessive dosage, poor setting or counterfeit drugs. Anxiety, panic and paranoid reactions occur but

are rare.

It should be noted that, in the case of MDA, the synthetic is more benign than the natural. Nutmeg and mace do have some psychoactive properties, but the aftereffects are dire enough to make these poor drugs of choice.

Naranjo warns that MDA is toxic to certain individuals. Typical toxic symptoms are skin reactions, profuse sweating or confusion. Some of the more serious cases resulted in aphasia and, in one case, death. This serious neurological toxicity is a result of elevated blood pressure and effects on the brain associated with higher doses of MDA.

FIRST-AID PLUS

If such problems develop, medical care is required; anti-hypertensive medication and neurological care may be necessary. Anxiety, panic or paranoid reactions can usually be handled by reassurance in a supportive environment. Occasionally, sedative medication such as Valium® is recommended.

Antipsychotic medication is not needed unless a prolonged psychotic reaction occurs. This usually happens only in individuals who have major underlying psychological problems prior to taking MDA. In these rare cases, prolonged psychiatric care may be needed.

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HAWAII VS THE PHOTOTRON

Hello, my name is Jeffery Demarco, President and Founder of PYRAPONIC INDUSTRIES

My masters thesis is on the cannabinoid profile of marijuana. I tell you this for historical foot note only.

In pursuit of my own masters thesis, I generated the most extensive popular literature library in the world. Then, I generated the most extensive scientific bibliography in the world. I then went into a laboratory under Federal license at a major university in which I designed a laboratory grade growth chamber called the PHOTOTRON.

If you read all of the popular literature: I did. All of the scientific literature: I did. And look at every apparatus that is in High Times, you will find one common denominator. Every system, UP TILL NOW, has attempted to re-create Hawaii. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do NO BETTER than Hawaii's results. AND WHAT ARE HAWAII'S RESULTS?

In fact you will grow the plant 6 to 9 months, 6 to 12 feet tall. In fact you will average a 6 inch internodal length. (distance between budding sites). In fact have a 10% budding ratio at the tops of the plant. In fact, throw away 90% of the plant material (leaves/shake). And in fact YOU MUST START ALL OVER AGAIN.

Look. The only thing I'm waiting nine months for is a baby, number one. Number two, I do not want a tree in my house. And number three, I am not going to pay the ELECTRIC BILL TO PRODUCE THE SUN somewhere in my closet. Do not let its pretty looks fool you. Do not let its size (3 1/2 feet tall x 18 inches wide) fool you. Do not let its weight at 17 lbs fool you.

The PHOTOTRON will draw \$4.00 per month in electricity (average). My system is totally different.

In fact you will grow 6 plants, three and one half feet tall in 45 days, guaranteed. You will maintain a one inch internodal length, guaranteed. That each plant will produce 1,000 budding sites, FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, guaranteed. And there will be 6 plants per individual PHOTOTRON, guaranteed.

And this is the only system in the world where you can re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants every 45 days, up to nine times per year without killing them off, EVER. Then, you may re-flower and re-bud the exact same plants, every 45 days up to nine times per year, while you remove from the system every single solitary day. Every day (average 6-8 oz. every 45 days). You remove from the PHOTOTRON every single solitary day, beginning on day 20 from seed germination.

I personally, guarantee and service back the PHOTOTRON, so do not let its technical nature throw you. You will require THREE PAGES OF INSTRUCTIONS ONLY. Because the system is TOTALLY COMPLETE. You will do three things: 1. Select your seed. 2. Plug the system in. 3. Water it.

Then, if you have any questions at all. You may call me directly. Ask your question. Get the answer. And carry on about your business. You cannot fail with my PHOTOTRON. I do not allow any of my PHOTOTRONS to fall below SHOW-CASE. I have personally guaranteed every PHOTOTRON that has ever been sold. And I have never had one returned. I am not starting now.

So, call me. Right now. I accept all of my phone calls, personally.

"If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call."

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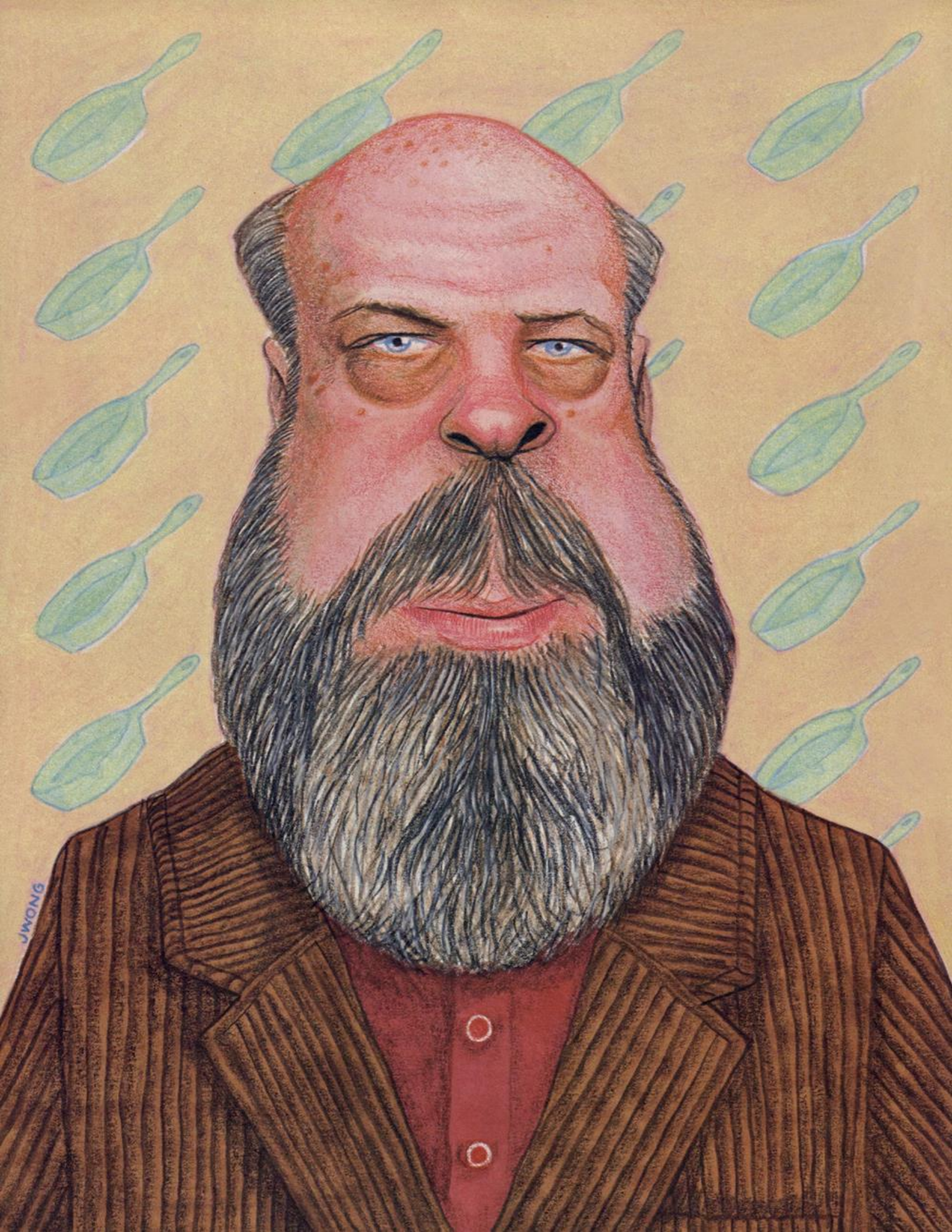
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*photograph presented from university conducted research for Masters Thesis entitled "Factors Controlling Resin-Production and Plant Growth," pertains to any plant."

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Paul Bartel Makes Lust

The critical and public success of *Eating Raoul* in 1982 brought the name of Paul Bartel to the attention of many filmgoers who enjoyed his black comedy with its hard, satiric edge. *Eating Raoul* is a hilarious essay on the art of murder-by-frying-pan, and the film's humorous linking of food, sex and death is worthy of Hitchcock at his drollest.

But Bartel didn't just spring from obscurity to national attention overnight. This native New Jerseyan, who attended UCLA and studied film on a Fulbright scholarship at the Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia in Italy, has been making independent films since the late 1960s. Beginning with short films, Bartel moved on to write and direct his first feature, *Private Parts*, for Roger Corman's brother, Gene, in 1973. Then, working with Roger Corman in 1975, Bartel directed *Death Race 2000*, which is the first feature to fully reveal his off-beat, wicked black humor. Bartel directed another low-budget comedy called *Cannonball* before making *Eating Raoul* and winning a wider recognition of his writing and directing talents.

In addition to screenwriting and directing, Bartel is a wonderful comic performer in his own right. He has acted in a number of films including *Piranha*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School* and *Heart Like A Wheel*, and he has appeared in each of his own movies. But it was not until *Eating Raoul* that Bartel made his biggest impression as an actor. As Paul Bland, the soft-spoken gourmand who inadvertently resorts to murder as a means of raising funds to buy a restaurant, Bartel constantly underplayed the grizzly humor to exaggerate *Raoul's* outrageous premise even further. Bartel, along with costar Mary Woronov, made dead-pan acting an art.

The director/star of *Eating Raoul* went from B-movie bit player to millionaire moviemaker. Now, reports JOEL WEINBERG, he's ridin' herd on Tab Hunter and Divine in a wild Western spoof, Lust in the Dust.



● Bartel hides behind the ample frame of Divine during *Lust* filming.

Bartel was also one of the first film actors to play a major role in a music video, appearing as a megalomaniacal director in the elaborate rockvid spoof for Christine McVie's '84 pop hit, "Got a Hold on Me."

After the success of *Eating Raoul*, Bartel made *Not For Publication*, a highly amusing comedy spoof of big city politics and tabloid journalism. *Publication*, starring Nancy Allen, David Naughton and Alice Ghostley, was Bartel's updating of a '30s Capra-like romantic comedy with a touch of *Superman* thrown in, and it represented a departure from the dark humor of *Raoul*. Unfortunately, many critics and moviegoers missed Bartel's scathing

satire, and *Not For Publication* was not a hit.

Sitting in the dining room of his publicist's Upper East Side New York apartment, Bartel is pleasant and down-to-earth. He responds to my questions in a calm and collected, almost authoritative, manner in a resonant voice that sounds like that of a classically trained stage actor. His stocky appearance and graying beard suggest a jovial Santa Claus who could surprise you with the most unusual and probably the funniest gift you would ever receive.

I begin by asking Bartel about his latest film, *Lust in the Dust*, a wild send-up of Sergio Leone Westerns that reunites *Polyester* stars Tab Hunter and Divine.

HIGH TIMES: Can you tell me about your new film, *Lust In The Dust*?

PAUL BARTEL: It was offered to me by Tab Hunter, who coproduced it, the week that we were making the answer print of *Not For Publication*. And it saved me from the usual post-partum depression that sets in when you've nothing to do.

It's the first film that I've made where the film was partially cast already, the sets were being built, the costumes were being designed. The cameraman had not been chosen. I chose the cameraman. And I was involved in some of the casting, about half of it. And I did confer with the writer and suggest a new ending and a bunch of other changes, most of which were done. But it really was heaven-sent. It was the first time I was able to just come in and direct. It wasn't my idea—I got to re-shape it a little. It was a wonderful experience.

HIGH TIMES: Is it a parody of *Duel In The Sun*?

BARTEL: Partly, but it's mostly a parody of Sergio Leone Westerns, in which Tab plays Clint Eastwood and Divine plays Claudia Cardinale.

HIGH TIMES: Is it similar to *Blazing Saddles* in any way?

BARTEL: No. It's more conventional, I think, than *Blazing Saddles*. That is, it follows more of a conventional or traditional storyline. It does make all kinds of outrageous excursions in one direction or another, but it has most of the classic Western scenes. And it never breaks the conventions the way *Blazing Saddles* does. It's a straightforward narrative. But all of the characters and relationships and even the specific action sequences that are traditionally Western are sent-up in one way or another.

HIGH TIMES: What was it like working with Tab Hunter and Divine?

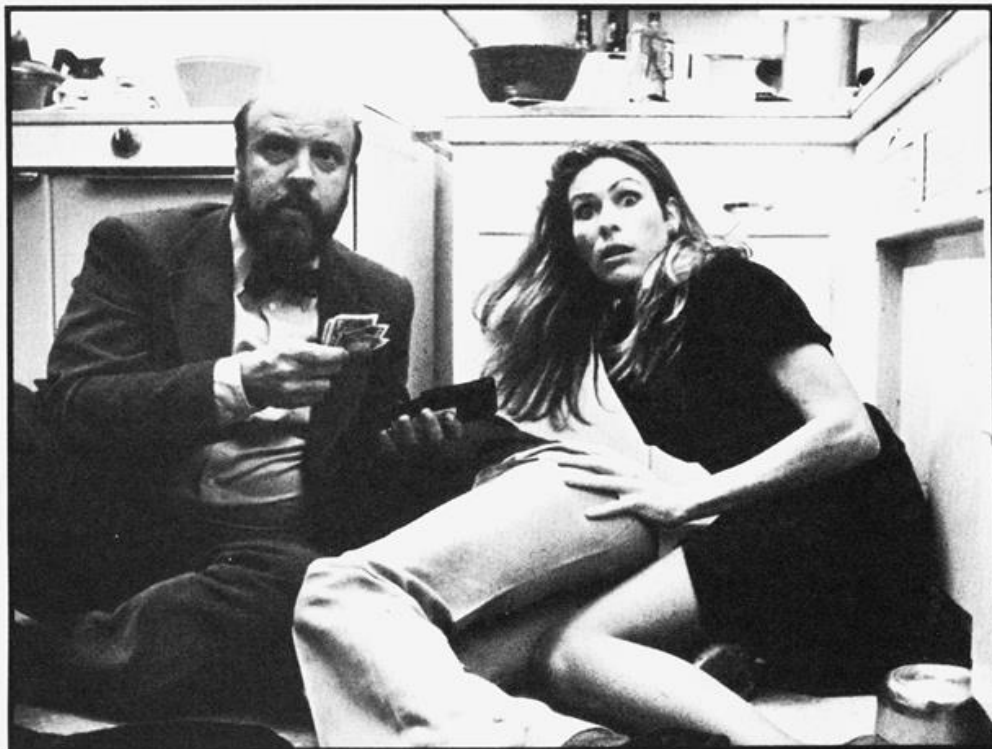
BARTEL: Well, I was very surprised at how serious an actor Divine was. Divine is very serious about acting and very hard-working. I think that his performance is extraordinary in the film. The people at the lab, who had never seen him before, did not know that it was Divine. They inquired who the actress was who played Rosie, and were astonished to find out that it was a man.

"The people at the lab did not know actress was who played Rosie, and we

HIGH TIMES: I felt that way about Divine in *Polyester*. I thought he was excellent. When you see someone who has that much concentration, you realize that they do care about acting, and they're doing more than just an impersonation. **BARTEL:** Divine gets to do a musical number in *Lust In The Dust*, and so does Lainie Kazan. **HIGH TIMES:** Let me ask you about the politics of *Not For Publication*. To what

"Okay, I tried to kill you. It didn't work. What do you want?" Because it seems to me that that's the way the world is. That's what happens. We try to assassinate people, and if it doesn't work, we're embarrassed, and we try something else. **HIGH TIMES:** *Eating Raoul* had a visual blankness or staticness to it, which I thought was done on purpose to suggest the blandness of the lives there. *Publication* had much more visual flair to it.

at all if it panned. Which is why, when I saw Jim Jarmusch's film, *Stranger Than Paradise*, his film carried that style and technique to its ultimate, where there was only one set-up in every scene, it's all one shot. **HIGH TIMES:** I liked that film very much. **BARTEL:** Well, I was sort of an associate producer on that. I am as proud of my contribution to his film as I am about my own production. I think it will do okay at the box office. There's a film, interestingly, that the senior citizens hate. **HIGH TIMES:** That doesn't surprise me. It's so quirky, and so New York, that in a way you have to be familiar with the New York scene to understand those characters and the whole East Village/Lower East Side ethos that they're living in. I was happy to see that those people actually had a sense of humor rather than being so outré and New Wave that you couldn't stand it. That took me by surprise, seeing that those characters could be amusing and not take themselves so seriously. **BARTEL:** I feel exactly the same way. It's a miracle of understated satire. I'm so happy with it. **HIGH TIMES:** Do you think that black humor is your strongest suit? And will you continue in that vein? **BARTEL:** Well, it's certainly one of my strong suits. And, yes, I would like to make more black comedies. The sequel to *Raoul* is very outrageous, though not as black. There aren't a lot of murders in it. But it pits the characters of Paul and Mary against a vicious little girl whom they adopt in order to improve their family image when they run for governor of California. It's a funny, bitchy comedy. They try to murder her when she upstages them completely and threatens to wreck their career. **HIGH TIMES:** Is that in the process of being produced? **BARTEL:** No, it's been written, and it's in the process of trying to be financed. But it has proved remarkably difficult to date. **HIGH TIMES:** Can you tell me how the success of *Eating Raoul* has changed things for you, for the better or the worse?



● Mary Woronov and Bartel are up to no good in *Eating Raoul*.

extent is that film a political indictment of the times? Is the mayor like Mayor Koch? He does have certain parallels, like being a bachelor mayor.

BARTEL: Oh no, there are no specific references intended. It's intended to comment on politics in the most general sort of way. No specific figures were in mind. When we wrote it, the character of the Mayor, apart from his villainy, his dashing liberal image was loosely based on Mayor Lindsay—a sort of play-boy mayor.

And we thought it would be funny if he turned out to be a crook, but a clever crook, a pragmatic crook, not above trying to kill them, but when it doesn't work, he's not phased at all. He just says,

Were you going for that quality? Did your cameraman and production designer help you in that way?

BARTEL: Yes. It's true that we were much more concerned with the look of *Not For Publication*. Part of it was that we had more sophisticated lighting facilities. Also, we were trying to evoke a lushness, you know, a period quality.

Whereas *Raoul* was really a performance piece, in a way. I just wanted the camera to stand back and look at the comic actors being funny. It was very simple and matter-of-fact. We didn't have time to do dolly shots. The whole thing was shot in 22 days. We were working mostly in very confined quarters. We could hardly move the camera

it was Divine. They inquired who the re astonished to find out it was a man."

BARTEL: Well, I paid more taxes last year than I've earned in the previous two or three years put together. I bought a house in Los Angeles and an apartment in New York, which are the only two bits of real estate I've ever aspired to owning, permitting me to go back and forth between the two cities I love without having to lug a lot of suitcases. And also providing me with two rooms with bookcases for my book collecting, which is my hobby.

HIGH TIMES: As far as getting other movies produced, how has *Raoul* helped?

BARTEL: It got me the backing for *Not For Publication*, and the assignment for *Lust In The Dust*. I think they're both good, funny films, and there's a good market for comedy now. I'm sure that they will make it possible for me to get financing for other bizarre and unusual projects.

HIGH TIMES: How much money did *Eating Raoul* make?

BARTEL: About \$5 or \$6 million.

HIGH TIMES: What did it cost to make?

BARTEL: Out-of-pocket, about \$320,000.

HIGH TIMES: Can I ask you about your penchant for low-budget filmmaking? Is it something you enjoy, or is it a necessity or a challenge? Would you like to work with a bigger budget?

BARTEL: In a nonunion situation—and by nonunion I mean non-IA, because the last few films I've made have been Directors' Guild, and always SAG—\$3 million, which is what I've been working on, is a very comfortable budget for something as long as it doesn't have elaborate special effects. Most scripts can be quite comfortably realized on a seven-week schedule for \$3 million. I don't particularly crave a lot more money than that to work with. In fact, I'm willing to work on projects with less money than that if the scripts are simple and can be done for less money.

HIGH TIMES: Did working for Roger Corman help you learn how to work with a small budget?

BARTEL: Yes. Roger taught me a lot about how to save money. For one thing, he felt that most films should be under 90 minutes and fit on four reels, so that they can be shipped in one can. And in-



• Martin Scorsese, Bartel and Sylvester Stallone (l. to r.) chow down on the set

deed, all of the movies I have made have been on four reels and in one can. I like short movies. I think you should be left wishing there were a little more rather than wishing that somebody had taken a scissors to it here and there. He also, to quote Robert Benton, taught me to try and discern between what appears to be important and what really is important. There are often times when you're tempted to make one more take in order to get an inflection exactly right, and usually it doesn't make any difference.

HIGH TIMES: Because you probably don't use it anyway.

BARTEL: Right, you probably won't use it. And the same thing goes in editing. You often have to remove little embellishments which you like because it stands in the way of the flow of the story.

HIGH TIMES: You described *Not For*

Publication as being "charmingly cynical." Is that an outlook in general that you have?

BARTEL: Yes. I think it is, as a matter of fact. I think that same description could be made of *Eating Raoul*, that it's cynical. But I wanted *Publication* to be endearing, ingratiating and charming.

HIGH TIMES: Do you have any specific influences on your satire and on your outlook?

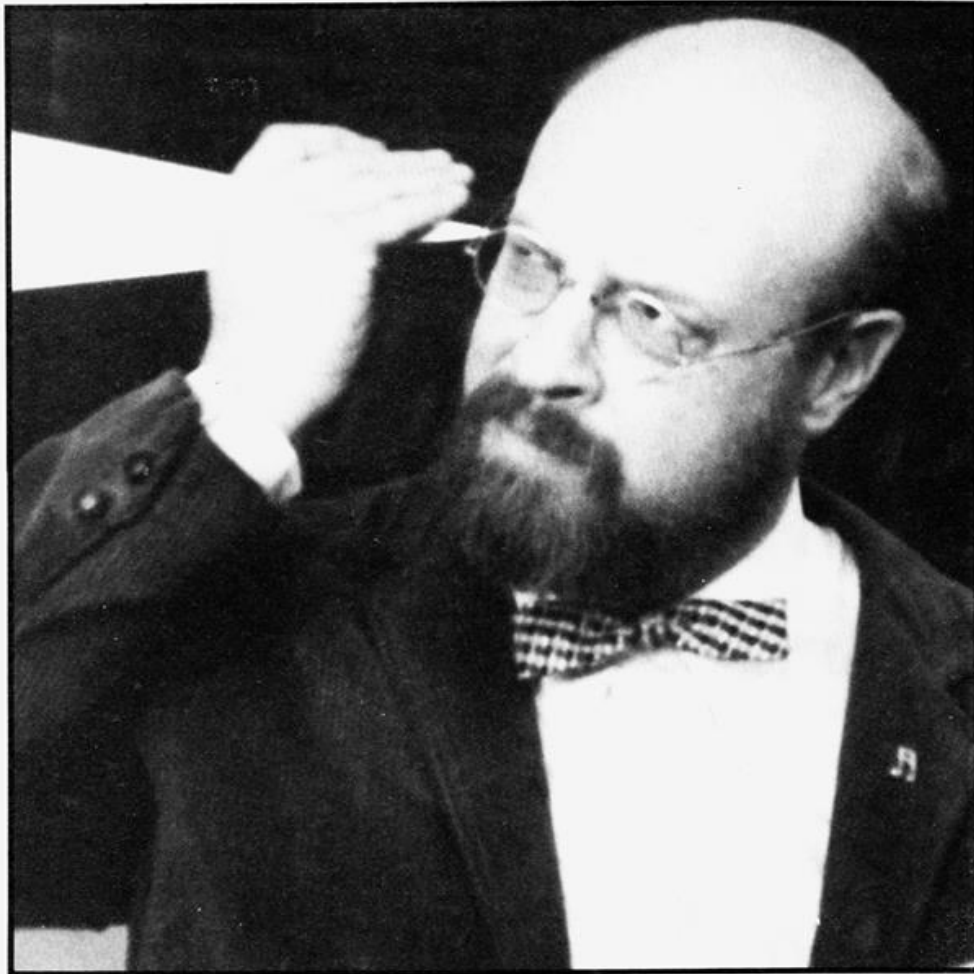
BARTEL: Yes. Cinematic influences are Billy Wilder, Hitchcock and the Walt Disney films of the '40s. Also there are a lot of French films that I love very much. Marcel Carné is a favorite director of mine—*Les Enfants du Paradis*, for instance. And Clouzot, *Wages of Fear*. *Les Diaboliques* is a film that I would love to do something as good as.

In the theater, Ionesco. The comedy of the absurd has always appealed to me.

"Someone has offered me a little New York Jewish werewolf comedy."



of Cannonball.



● Bartel takes it in the ear in *Rock 'n' Roll High School*.

I read a lot, I'm a book collector, so I'm sure there's been all kinds of influences there. People like Harry Crews, who includes a dwarf or a midget, in one way or another, in all of his novels.

HIGH TIMES: What about Bunuel? He was certainly fond of dwarfs and midgets.

BARTEL: I love Bunuel. *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* is one of my absolute favorite movies ever.

HIGH TIMES: In your films, I easily see these various influences, although one might assume that your idiosyncracies are homegrown, that they're just what pops out of your head. The bizarre absurdity of things is very much in evidence, however.

BARTEL: It's funny that you should mention Bunuel because I think he had the respect for and the affection for, and at the same time, the despair about the foibles of the middle class that I have. He identified with, and I'm sure recognized in himself, all of those same tendencies, inclinations, orientations, whatever. In any case, I love his films and admire him.

HIGH TIMES: In what directions do you want to go in the future, as far as comedy is concerned? Do you want to remain in comedy, or do you want to try other areas?

BARTEL: I want to do a film noir. I'm very eager to do a musical. Someone has offered me a little New York Jewish werewolf comedy, in which you almost never see the werewolf part. It's treated purely metaphorically. It's a comedy about the social problems that are created by uncontrollable, compulsive, antisocial behavior.

HIGH TIMES: Which takes the form of neck-biting?

BARTEL: Yes, but the way the script is written, it's clearly meant to stand for all kinds of other problems. It's about a girl who is a werewolf and can't control it, and is a perfectly nice person most of the time, but once a month turns into a wolf. It's about how she and her boyfriend deal with this as a problem in their relationship. It's very funny. It's very New York. And the producers have agreed to all but eliminate the scenes of her as a wolf. Because, the audience who will appreciate the metaphoric part—the relationship part—isn't interested in seeing people turn into wolves. And other people have done it so magnificently. I want to do it like they did in *Cat People*, you know, you see a shadow here and there.

HIGH TIMES: Any other random thoughts about what you would like to

do in the future?

BARTEL: I would like to do a French film. There's a book by Roland Topor, who wrote *The Tenant*, the source of the Polanski film, that I have for a long time wanted to do. I'm going to explore the possibility of doing it as a French-Canadian coproduction sometime in the next year or so.

HIGH TIMES: To end on a bizarre and unusual note, do you think that David Carradine's black-robed character in *Death Race 2000* was the model for Darth Vader? There is a striking resemblance between the two costumes.

BARTEL: No, I suspect that in some way that I can't define, they probably came from the same source. The look of Darth Vader is like the Teutonic Knights in *Alexander Nevsky*, for instance. The black mask that Carradine wore was designed by Rick Baker. I think that he probably had the same kind of Teutonic look in mind, but I don't know that George Lucas ever even saw *Death Race 2000*.

I don't know who designed the Darth Vader costume. I say Lucas, but of course he didn't design the costumes. I don't know who did it. It's entirely possible. In any case, it's a flattering idea. I hope it's true. □



Jamaica

TOURING THE HIGH WAY

A goodtime guide to reggae, Rastas and reefer
by STEVE COHEN, photos by PETER SIMON

There are two Jamaicas, one for tourists, the other for real Jamaican life. Independent, free-thinking, adventurous travelers who have energy to explore the island's seductive, lyrical rhythms, bounteous scenery, seminal reggae and diverse produce, including incredibly fresh and plentiful marijuana, can find the real Jamaica.

Jamaica is a tropical beauty of an island, 4,400-square miles of Caribbean liveliness and, just between you and me, people here smoke a lot of good pot. You really don't have to look hard for it. It's offered for sale—initially at outrageous prices—on streets, inside tourist compounds, on trains or buses. The closer you get to the homes and hearts of Jamaican people, the better price and quality smoke you can find.

Officially pot is illegal, but unofficially it's *no problem, mon*. A segment of the population known as Rastafarians use it as a religious sacrament. Rastas look tough but are mainly kind, gentle people who enjoy organic produce and refuse to eat meat or cut their hair. They shun "Babylon," their term for a material world of greed and excess. They prefer quiet country settings, healing herbs, growing their own and smoking copious quantities of the ganja. And plenty of non-Rastas are getting buzzed on the island's real number one cash crop.

Natural Highs

There are the *natural* highs you find here. The island's beauty is legendary. White sand beaches, secluded coves, waterfalls and harbors are fringed by jungle overgrowth. Banana plantations slope up from the sea. The interior

landscape is hilly to mountainous, rising to 7,402 feet at mystical Blue Mountain peak. On clear days, Cuba is visible 90 miles away across the emerald expanse of the Caribbean.

The profusion of plant life, medicinal herbs and foods that grow here are won-

● *Bauxite Runoff is a scenic reminder of Jamaica's dying industry.*





● Vendors peddle wares at market on the road outside Kingston.

these days. Bananas are big business. Some of the world's best coffee grows in the Blue Mountains. And then, for making money, there's the ganja.

Hustling Herb

Yes indeed, there are scoundrels and no few hustlers out of a surpassingly poor population of 2.3 million. Good judgement, as always, is in order in new places with new faces. Most Jamaicans will try to sell you something. You should be prepared for that. And to haggle. The price is always negotiable.

Economically, Jamaica would probably be ruined without marijuana and the U.S. government knows it. It's a tricky dance going on. Jamaica has become the closest political ally to the U.S. in the Caribbean, and it is a major supplier of drugs to the states, mostly pot. That virtually holds up the economy of the island nation. So far, apparently, the U.S. sees it as a trade-off of drugs vs. communism, the expected political outcome of any drug crackdown. As long as the conservative government is in power, it looks like the pot will be safe. For now, at least, it's holding its own.

"Rastas don't know politics," according to Kim, age 37, a mountain farmer outside Kingston. "Every time they can live like brothers both sides, then I love politics. They divide one side from another. That not for I."

Kim grows his vegetables and cultivates his prized stash of sinse in the village of Jack's Hill. By trade he's a bricklayer. But jobs are scarce, and pay is only around fifty dollars Jamaican a week. One hundred dollars a month goes for rent, and with a family to feed, well, what's a father supposed to do? Kim ships his herb worldwide and displayed an international postcard collection to prove it.

"They can't stop the herb," he says, toking on a spliff the size of a clarinet. "The revolution start if they take away our herb. We are Rasta warriors."

Alternative Tourism

I met Kim near a '60s crash pad of a place called Maya, overlooking Kingston. On my first trip to Jamaica I'd seen enough of the starched white linen, tea with crumpets at four and other tired formalities of stuffy, and costly, colonial tourism. This time I wanted to take a different sort of trip. With the help of the Jamaica Tourist Board's Alternative Tourism program, I was given the name of Peter Bentley, who runs the Maya campground and is also the

derfully extreme. There are swaying coconut palms, bananas grown for export. Breadfruit, mangos and avocados grow wild and are frequently free for the picking. You can also find Ethiopian apples, star apples, Jamaican chocolate, sweet cassava and soursop, a flaky-textured fruit—said to be good for steadying nerves—that tastes like a cross between an orange and a piece of fish. You drink tea brewed from fever grass that smells like citronella and cinnamon, if you feel ill. There's also peppermint, lime leaf, pimento (allspice), colormint, sugar cane, thyme, green Caribbean pumpkins (*calabaza*) and callalou, a leafy green vegetable that tastes good in soups or stews. There is leaf of life, a bitter astringent herb good for treating stomach aches; psychedelic datura bell flowers; grapefruit; plantain; basil; psilocybin mushrooms; papaya; okra; corn; beans; gunga peas; pepper elder, a preservative for ripening fruit that also keeps away weevils; an herb called "Come search my heart;" tambrins, an apricot candy-like fruit and ackee, a yellow-fleshed fruit that emits a poisonous gas when its hard shell is cracked and transforms into the national dish when cooked with salted cod.

Steep mountainsides are unsuitable for large-scale agriculture, so you see a lot of terraced gardens and small farms. Plenty of goats, chickens and pigs scuttling across twisted, slow-going roads lined with thatch-roof cottages, slow-moving dogs, ducks, kids and more kids, older ones caring for babies, and a full

array of roadside vendors of wooden birds, drums, mangos, guavas, soursop, sweetsop, naseberries, sugar cane, jerk pork, Red Stripe beer, straw hats, white rum, sinsemilla. All the vendors operate at the casual, tomorrow-be-soon-enough pace. There are mountain villages and little towns all over rural Jamaica with town halls, medical clinics, churches, schools and shared community water spigots. Then there are the children, most barefooted, some shy, others who'll race happily after a rare carful of visitors on a quiet country road.

Cities No' Pretty

The cities are a different story. You fly into Kingston or Montego Bay, one the capitol city and seat of official Jamaican culture, the other an unself-conscious tourist town. For many Jamaicans in these places and in smaller cities, living conditions are crowded, dirty, far from idyllic mountainsides. A swarm of Kingston newspaper vendors, kids the same age as the friendly car chasers, grabbed for my wallet as I paid for a paper at a stoplight not far from a cardboard slum. Kingston's slums are no place for the incautious.

Officially, unemployment is 25 percent. In truth, it's much higher. And these crowded, poor city folk have nowhere to grow their own. Their hustling is just an unpleasant extension of the tourist industry, the largest on the island. There are some bauxite mines for aluminum, but mining's not too profitable

president of a network called the Jamaica Alternative Tourism Camping and Hiking Association.

JATCHA represents 97 properties featuring some of the lowest bargain lodging rates in the Caribbean. These include atmospheric Great Houses, villas, rooms in private houses, and camping in cabins, on beaches, forested mountainsides, next to streams, rivers, caves, or on small out-islands. Prices range from \$2-\$40 daily.

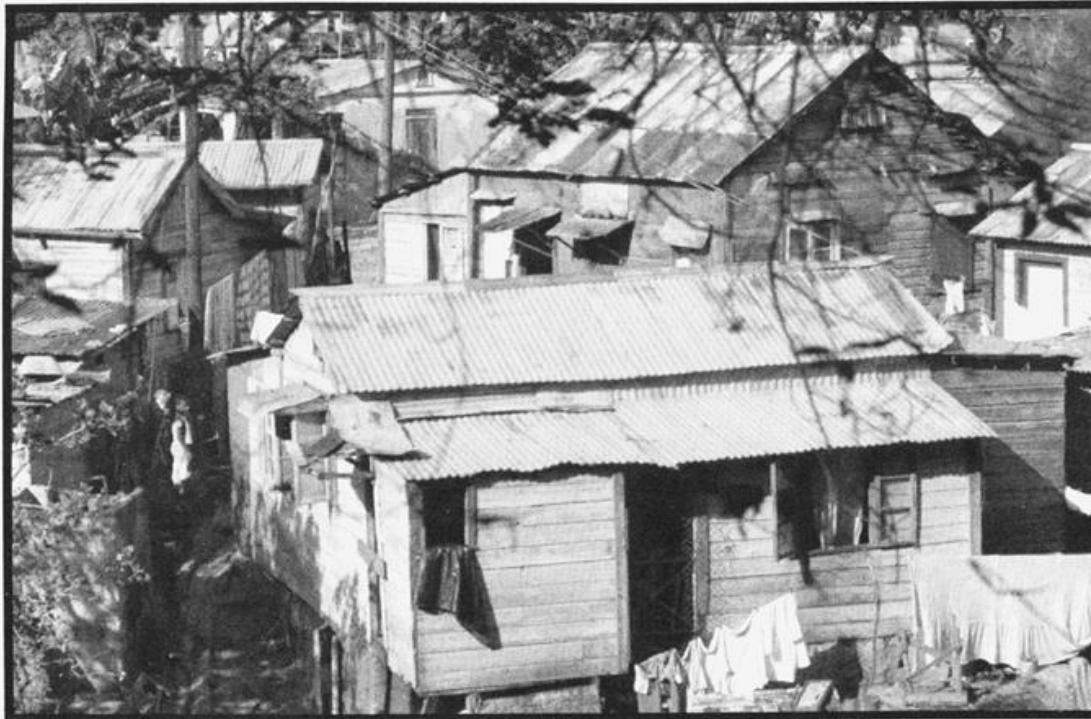
"In their homes, Jamaican people show off a different culture, mon," Bentley roared by phone, confirming my lodging reservations prior to departure, "and these spots are even more exotic and beautiful than the tourist attractions."

He can also arrange ground transportation, rental cars and guides to less-traveled areas, deserted snorkeling coves, or cool mountain trails. If you know how to get around, and Peter does, the whole country—and not just the pricey tourist haunts—becomes accessible, refreshingly inexpensive to visit, and worth the trip for outdoor enthusiasts, adventurers and sun, sand and reggae lovers, not to mention those holding their own sacred beliefs regarding herbs.

"And individuality pays here," Peter says, face-to-face, offering me a flask of white rum outside Maya. "The more unconventional the activity, the lower the cost and less likelihood of being crowded out by others with similar ideas. You can cook your own meals of inexpensive local foods or eat at small local restaurants, not costly Americanized ones. How about fresh fish you catch yourself, or mangos you pick from the trees for free?"

Jah, mon. During a weeklong visit at the tail end of tourist season, there were no lunchlines, but many Jamaicans and few other travelers at the various forestry preserves, private lodges or campgrounds. These service areas were cleaner, quieter and less expensive than similar North American ones, say at National Parks, with which the topography favorably compared.

The air was clear and clean at these alternative tourism sites, and the Jamaican people, with their reggae beat voices, were gracious hosts. They drive on the left-hand side of the road, and, at first, gap-toothed ganja smiles drove me a little nuts around wickedly narrow curves. Thankfully, there were few other cars. And the chance to examine exotic tropical botany, trek through steep montane forests with drinkable springs, and share long Caribbean vistas with song birds



• Rows of shacks are jammed together in Kingston's shantytown.

"The revolution start
if they take away our herb.
We're Rasta warriors!"

—Kim, ganja grower

• Truck functions as mobile disco and record-store-on-wheels.





● *This spot near Negril is proof-positive that Jamaica's beaches are among the most beautiful in the world.*

and butterflies, was unexcelled anywhere within a 90-minute flight of the USA. Without electricity in many rural parts, without *vroom-vrooom* or AC-DC hum, there was quiet, at times, rare and precious, and plenty of choices for alternative-minded travelers.

The Hot Spot

Kingston is the largest southern-most English-speaking city in the world. Here you find the Jamaican government, a downtown fine arts museum, Sangster's bookstore, the University of the West Indies, tall office buildings, slums, epidemic unemployment and urban ills galore. Most tourists skip Kingston. It's a rough town with plenty of action. I wouldn't want to miss it.

The best food I tasted anywhere on the island was on busy Hope Road, at Mini's Ethiopian Herbal. The place is two adjacent bamboo huts, a bar-dining room with a thatch roof and a tin-roofed cooking hut with a lunch counter. Delicious vegetarian, salt-free, locally grown foods in season are prepared according to the "ital"—vital and natural—fashion. For around \$4, Mini sets out a lunch plate spilling over with fresh steamed fish, ackee, callalou, a red pea stew and rice, served with a honeyed fruit juice blended of beet root, soursop, june plum, guava and papaya. You might prefer a

cold Red Stripe or a Dragon Stout, the locally brewed Guinness-like dark beer.

Feel the Reggae

Another reason I favor Kingston is for the reggae. This is where "the heartbeat of the people" originates. Bob Marley's Tough Gong studio is also on Hope Road. The dead star's face, on posters all over Jamaica, looks like the local JFK, only hipper.

Tough Gong is a fortress with a fenced compound guarded by a uniformed girl in a gatehouse. When we drove in to buy some records and tapes, this guard was dancing in her cubicle to a blasting version of Marley's "Buffalo Soldiers."

Pounding reggae is common throughout the island and particularly heard in Kingston. Aretha Franklin and Michael Jackson sneak on to radio playlists, but it's mostly reggae that pulses through a city that seems directly wired into state-of-the-art Japanese audio technology. You can *feel* the reggae everywhere. Small storefront record shops sport stadium-size speakers. Streets vibrate. Bodies in line with the sound waves appear to be gracefully swept away, moved to sway in sensual time with the beat. The happy dancers remind me how I feel with a cup of Blue Mountain coffee in me.

Beer vendors
on the Rio
Grande claim
that the best
ganja comes
from the
nearby hills.

The Bean Scene

The Blue Mountains fill much of eastern Jamaica between Kingston, on the south coast, and Port Antonio, on the north. The mountains are lushly covered in rich varieties of lively vegetation and are uniquely suited to growing one of the world's top coffees.

Blue Mountain beans cost about \$20 per pound, or more in the U.S., when they can be found. The beans are so prized that Japanese buyers own an estimated 90 percent of the crop, for export home, severely limiting U.S. consumption. But if you know where to go in the mountains and who to see, the coffee is available, and at bargain rates. A savvy traveler could probably take home a backpack of fresh roasted beans, for a long-lasting legal morning high, and sell the rest to a gourmet shop to help pay for the trip.

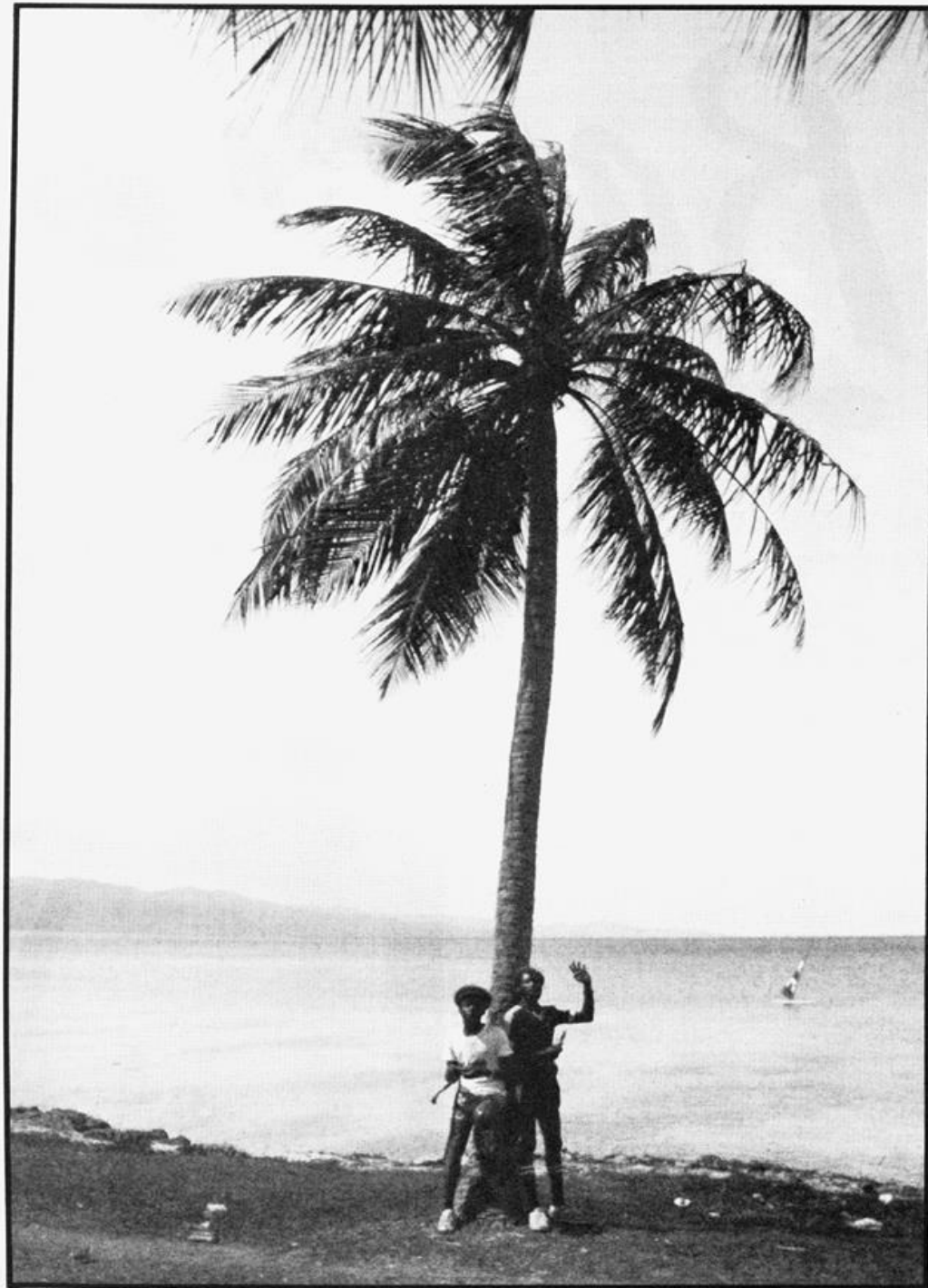
Some of the places in the Blue Mountains where we found local growers willing to sell coffee beans were in the town of Section, from a Rasta grower named Dennis; at Mr. Wolff's store and farm on the Brooks River; and at Pine Grove Coffee Farm, where you can also find the most luxurious Blue Mountain lodgings. Pine Grove's clean motel-like rooms, with picture window mountain panoramas and hot water baths, go for \$60-\$75 a night, for up to four people.

Blue Bargains

Other inexpensive Blue Mountain destinations include two National Forestry Preserves, one called Hollywell, the other, another coffee plantation, called Clydesdale. Cabins in these parks are around \$15 a night, some with several bedrooms, fireplaces and kitchens. Tent camping runs around \$3 a night.

Private Blue Mountain spots include Whitfield Hall, an old-fashioned Jamaican mountain lodge. There's no electricity at Whitfield, kerosene gas Tillet lamps only. Horsehair mattresses. Rooms, dorm beds and tent space go from \$3 up to \$10 per night. Good cold water. Coffee sometimes available, if you please Cynthia Warren, queen of Whitfield, guardian of the great stone hearth. Her place is the traditional starting point, at 4200 feet, for a six-and-a-half mile hike to Blue Mountain peak. Intrepid travelers wake at 1 A.M. to reach the peak for a tropical sunrise at the top of the Caribbean.

Mules with guides are available for around \$15, if your bottom is more likely to carry you to the peak than your legs. Though it's no easy task either way, the climb is highly recommended. Take



● *Swaying palms dot the beaches, like this one near Negril.*

a guide. Aim for the sunrise but, remember, Jamaican time runs slow, and it is a long, strenuous walk. My party missed the cresting color by 20 minutes, arriving at the peak too late to see it. Instead, we had to content ourselves with a bird's-eye-view of something our guide, Baps, noticed. "The mist, she sleep down by the sea," he said with a Don Juanish glint in his aboriginal eyes. "Soon be up."

Indeed, the clouds rolled right past our faces, lifting like a curtain over the north coast and Port Antonio's twin harbors, more than seven thousand feet below. Roll another spliff, if you need to, for gawking or just being in such a place.

The Highest Herb?

Port Antonio, the twin harbored village visible from Blue Mountain, was one of the choice hangouts of Errol Flynn and a partying Hollywood crowd in the '30s. It's quieter today, with several high-priced resorts and a few reasonable places like Bonnie View Hotel or DeMontevin Lodge. It's got romantic Blue Lagoon nearby, a reputedly bottomless hole where you can go waterskiing, and there's a popular raft trip you can take down the Rio Grande River, in a two-person bamboo raft with a local boatman who guides you on a three-hour journey. Vendors selling

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Reggae Now

Marley's gone, but the music lives on

by Winston C. Robinson, Jr.

"R" eggae did not start and end with Bob Marley," drummer-historian Dro succinctly reminded me. But Marley will be remembered as the man who spread the music and political message of reggae throughout the world. From this legacy comes the question as to who will inherit the throne left vacant since Marley's death in 1981. There are many names familiar to listeners in the United States—Winston Rodney's Burning Spear, Yellowman, Peter Tosh, Bunny Wailer, U Roy, Big Youth, Jimmy Cliff, Toots and the Maytals, Rita Marley, Steel Pulse, Aswad, UB40, Dennis Brown, Gregory Isaacs and the recently disbanded Black Uhuru—but none emerges as heir apparent. There are more reggae artists who are less familiar (if known at all) to audiences here, though they enjoy varying degrees of popularity in Jamaica and/or Great Britain.

Since its birth in 1956 with The Paragons' *On the Beach* LP, reggae has expanded its horizons to Ghana, Senegal, Nigeria, Nepal, Japan, Tahiti, Brazil, across Europe and, of course, the U.S. and England. There have even been reports of reggae bands in Poland!

Marley's influence was so widespread because people justly saw him as a musical innovator, often incorporating elements of black soul/pop/gospel/jazz and traditional African music into reggae, making a unique personal statement. However, it was the righteous social and political themes Marley expressed in his music that made him such a powerful figure and brought him worldwide acclaim, especially in the Third World. The strength of Marley's vision can be seen in the wide appeal his music has, the lasting value it sustains and the spiritual feeling it brings



Photo by Peter Simon

● *Yellowman, master "toaster," may be reggae's most popular performer.*

to its listeners. There are only a few such giants in *any* form of music, and until fate designates the next great reggae visionary, any speculation on Marley's successor is purely subjective.

Yellowman is arguably the most popular figure in reggae today, but he is merely a DJ toaster or "rapper." DJs originally spewed their stories over pre-existing musical tracks, often "speaking to" or "answering" statements made by the original singer. In a sense rapping is an extension of the African talking drum tradition popularized by West Africa's Yorubas, which was a way of keeping and retelling history.

Yellowman, an albino, began making his way on the scene in 1979. Many of his songs brag about his sexual prowess, making him a de facto sex symbol on the island. His first American album, *King Yellowman*, released on CBS last year, yielded two singles, both of which were produced by the New York production team Material (responsible for Herbie Hancock's successful *Rockit* LP). Material's production attempts to align the heavy bass and rock-steady rhythm of reggae with contemporary New York-style electro-boogie funk. "Strong Me Strong" and "Disco Reggae" are excellent examples of the toasting genre. Yellowman flaunts his position as #1 DJ, shouting "Yellowman at the microphone stand—Yellowman a rap sensation!", while he overdubs himself as a croaking frog in the background mix. "Disco Reggae" is more roots oriented and uses an abundance of percussion. Here we find Yellowman whooping and yelling like a true wildman, demanding of his girl, "Give me what you give me last night!" as New York rapmaster Afrika Bambaataa grunts in unison.

Among the other top reggae rapper-singers are U Roy, who leads the DJ movement and is often referred to as the "Godfather," and Big Youth, who likes to sing about African history.

Some of the best reggae talent of the post-Marley era evolved from Marley's original band, the Wailers. Many of those originally involved in the band are still making great records and performing to increasingly larger audiences.

The original Wailers consisted of Bob Marley, Bunny Wailer and Peter Tosh. Tosh appears to have run out of creative steam in the big leap towards commercialism and now seems intent upon releasing as many different versions of "Get Up, Stand Up" as Jah allows him to record. I had always considered Bunny

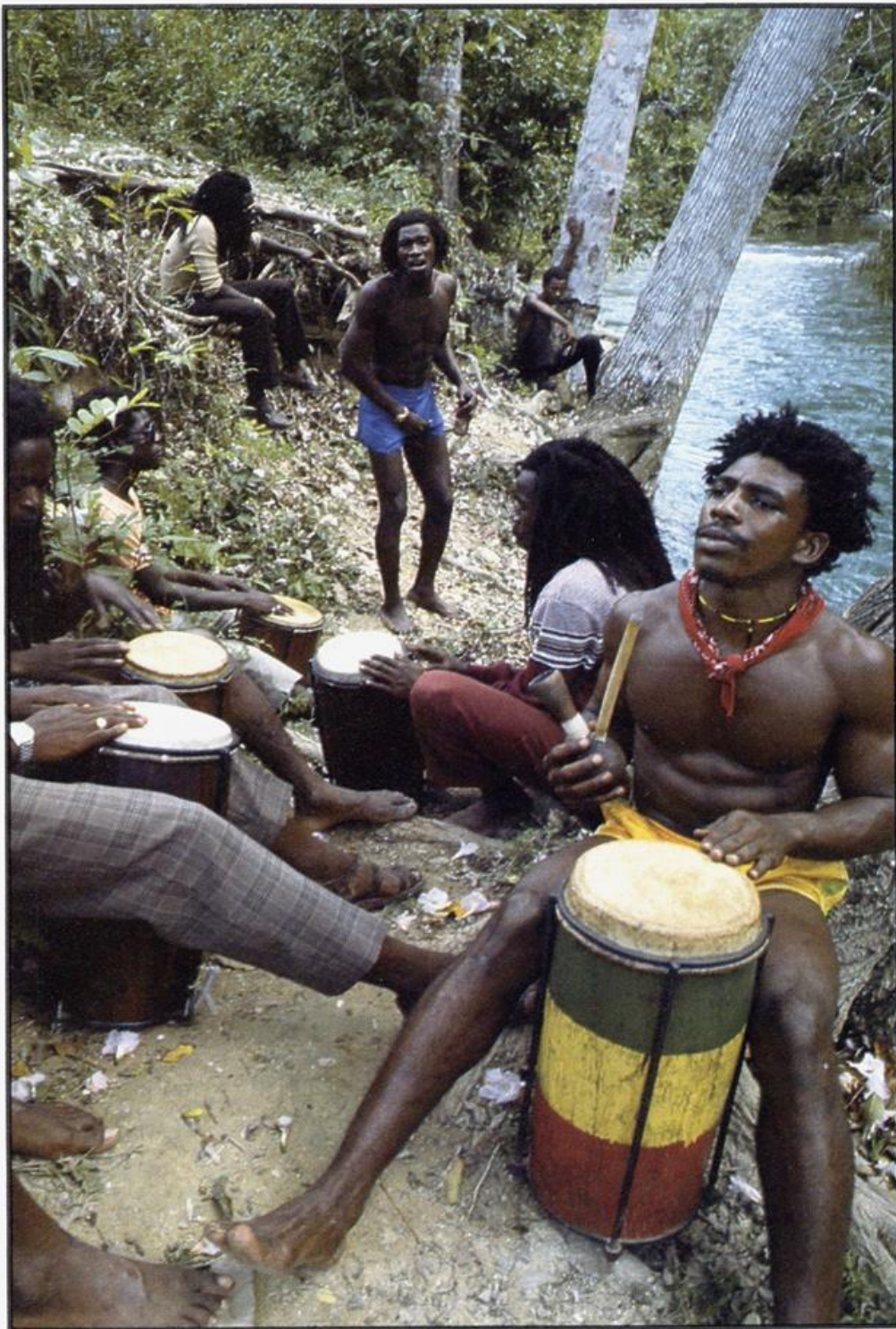


Photo by Peter Simon

Who will inherit the reggae throne left vacant since the death of Bob Marley?

Righteous Reggae

On the cover of this month's Special Jamaica Issue is Winston Rodney, leader of the reggae group Burning Spear, whose greatest hits are compiled in a recently released album on Island Records' Mango label. The album includes Spear classics such as "Marcus Garvey," "Dry and Heavy" and "Social Living." The best of Burning Spear is one of a series of 16 albums called "Reggae Greats," which Island is releasing sporadically this year. The first five albums of the series, including the Burning Spear collection, are required listening for any newcomer and a fine addition to the seasoned reggae fan's library. The other already-released LPs—*Toots and the Maytals*, *Gregory Issacs Live*, *Steel Pulse* and *The DJs*—consist of well-selected material by each artist. *The DJs* offers ten reggae rap classics, including U Roy's brilliant "Runaway Girl" and Dillinger's exhortatory "C.B. 200." *Toots and the Maytals* is a good party album as well as an eventful trip down memory lane for those who are already familiar with tunes such as "Funky Kingston," "Monkey Man" and "Sweet and Dandy." *Gregory Issacs Live* presents an exemplary performance by one of reggae's best love balladeers, backed up by the great studio group, the Roots Radics Band. *Steel Pulse* showcases one of the top reggae bands to come out of the U.K.; subtle pop underpinnings are the key to their unique sound. Future releases in the series include collections by The Wailers, Jimmy Cliff, Black Uhuru, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, Lee Perry, Third World, Jacob Miller and Pablo Moses. This is an ambitious project that stands as a landmark in the history of recorded reggae. Anyone with even a passing interest in Jamaican music should check out "Reggae Greats."

—WCR



Photo by Peter Simon

● Rita Marley, Bob's widow, is at her best when singing the praises of Jah.

Some of the best
talent in the post-Marley
era came from Bob's
band, the Wailers.

/ continued from previous page
to be the most spiritually gifted Wailer, though Marley eventually surpassed him in that regard. Always busy, Bunny has released some remarkable records over the years, including the highly acclaimed and influential *Blackheart Man*, which gave us the exalted classics, "Dreamland" and "Bide-Up." (A Blackheart man is a Rasta; the term was originally derogatory.) The album is united by the concept of Rasta as mystic holy man, guided in his daily life by his faith in Jah (the Rasta name for God). Bunny is at his poetic best throughout, frequently exploding in bursts of religious bliss. Both songs mentioned are not merely classics, but masterpieces.

*No more worrying, worrying and
pains*

*No more crying, shedding tears
like rain*

For the master has come back

Gathering all his flock

Mother nature feeds the stock

Never wanting or ever lack.

—from "Bide-Up," Solomonic/
Island Music (BMI)

Bunny returned to the basis of the Rasta religion, expressing his belief in Jah and the ideal of a paradise on earth that existed before man's biblical fall from grace. Like many Rastamen, Bunny considers himself a pious soul in tune with Jah. Recent recordings confirm his stature, especially *Bunny Wailer Sings the Wailers*, an updated look at early Wailers material, and *Tribute*, which acknowledges Marley's genius. If there's anyone who might assume Marley's mantle, Bunny has the requisite talent and vision. He will always be far ahead of the pack.

The I Threes provided the beautiful background vocals for the Wailers and each has since moved to the foreground as a solo singer. The most well-known is Rita Marley, Bob's talented widow. *Who Feels It, Knows It* remains her best work to date. She is most at home when singing Jah's praises, as on the uplifting "A Jah Jah," or passing the chalice pipe on "One Drop." "Yes, the higher-man know everything," Rita sings in praise of Jah.

Judy Mowatt, a more technically skilled and expressive singer, is one of Jamaica's best female vocalists. She was singing before she joined the Wailers, as the lead singer in a group called the Gaylettes. Judy is worthy of high praise, and those interested in quality reggae should seek out her *Mr. Dee-J* and *Mellow Mood* LPs for starters.

Marcia Griffith, the last third of the I Threes, is also due serious consideration

by even the casual reggae fan. Again, don't rest until you've found copies of *Naturally* and *Steppin'*, two LPs that should not be missed.

Reggae—the state of the sound—is an ever-growing tree with many branches. Some names have not been called and others have yet to be heard from. Ya no see it? Artists like Keith Hudson, Dennis Bovell, Linton Kwesi Johnson and Mutabaruka—reggae poets are indeed a whole new genre unto themselves—The Wailing Souls, The Itals, Sugar Minot, Culture, Frankie Paul, Michael Palmer, Leroy Sibbles,

Pablo Moses, Yabby You & The Prophets, Johnny Osbourne, Delroy Wilson, Lloyd Parks—these are the names to be reckoned with in the future of reggae. From this list may emerge the successor to Marley's throne. These are selective choices for sure, and I have no doubt left some stones unturned and other roots unrooted. But we will no doubt continue the search for Marley's successor, all the time awaiting the return of Bob Marley in the form of a new soul, the next great reggae artist. □

Special thanks goes out to Leslie Winston and Dro for their advice and patience.

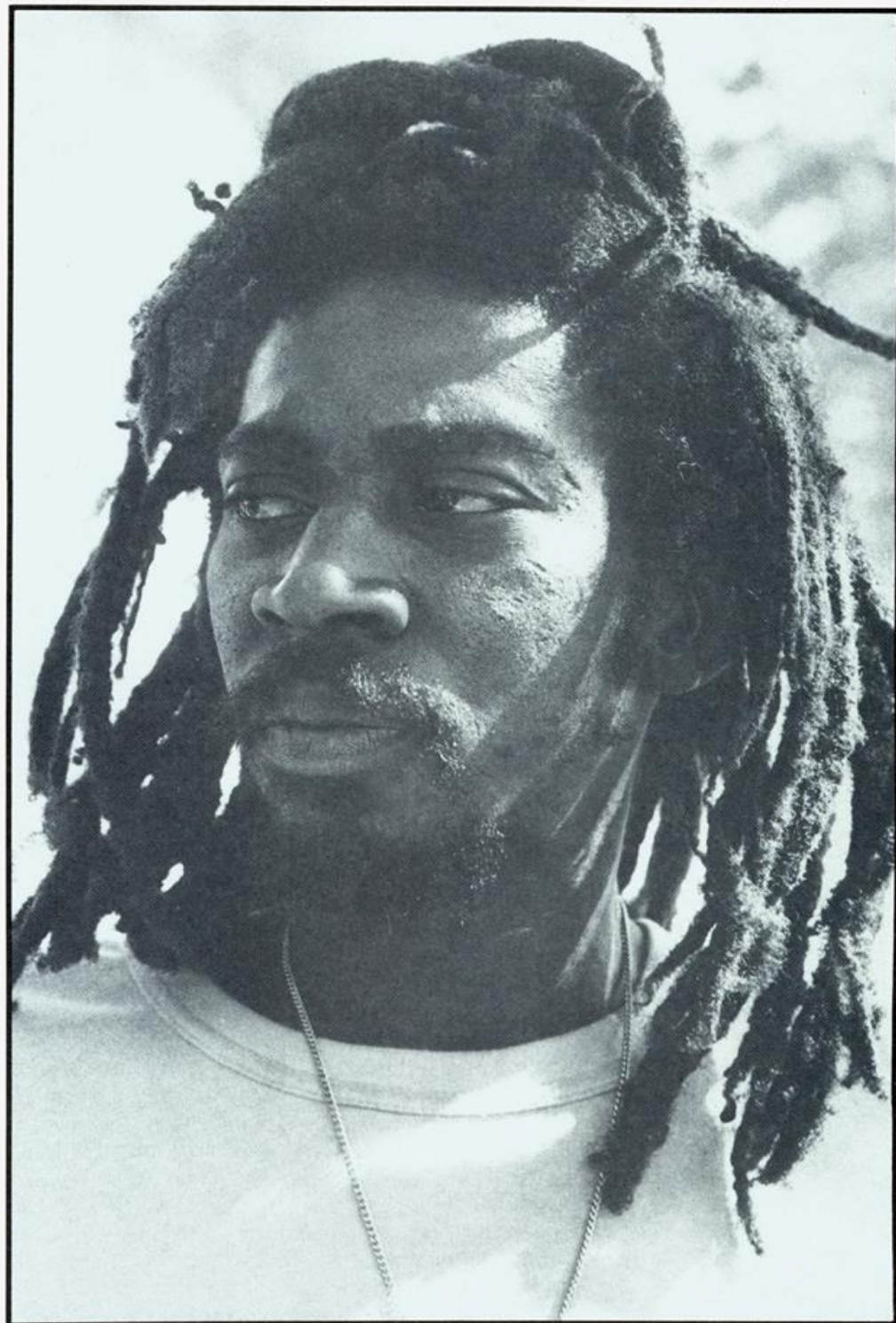


Photo by Kate Simon

● *Bunny Wailer is considered the most likely successor to Marley's throne.*

Ganja

STATE OF THE HERB

Jamaica's most righteous resource is better—and more plentiful—than ever before, says our field expert FRAGANO LEDGISTER

Late at night a plane lands on a badly-lighted airstrip. Several men quickly begin loading sacks and boxes into it. The pilot, or a companion, talks to one of them and hands over a fat envelope. He gets back into the plane; it takes off. Those left on the ground vanish into the night.

This is not a scene from a thriller; it is a step in a highly sophisticated marijuana-smuggling operation that, in 1983, put an estimated 1,750 metric tons of Jamaican ganja onto the U.S. market.

The scene is replayed, with variants, almost daily at seventy illicit "international airports" across Jamaica. The variants range from haggling over the price on the part of the Jamaican sellers and over the quality on the part of the American buyers to an unexpected raid by the police or the army. But enough marijuana leaves the country to make everybody happy except the Jamaican and American governments. And enough herb stays in the country to make Jamaican tokers *very* happy. Ganja continues to be the principal recreational drug on the island, and the quality remains high.

In spite of the recent attempts to increase enforcement of the drug laws, there seems to have been no appreciable decrease in the quantity of Jamaican marijuana exported to the U.S. Between 1982 and 1983, indeed, Jamaica's share of the U.S. marijuana market expanded from 11 to 13 percent, Jamaica being the second largest supplier after Colombia with 59 percent.



● "Schlong bong" is a popular phallic pipe for toking Jamaican herb.

Hard Times, High Times

"Is pure hundred-dollar bills them use," a farmer said to me as we leaned on a fence and looked down at an illegal airstrip a few miles away. It was hard for him to keep the envy out of his voice as he piously wished that God would strike down the "wicked" smugglers.

But even the most pious rural moralizers do not turn in the marijuana growers and traders. Life is too hard in rural Jamaica for people to condemn those who have managed, by dint of hard work in the ganja fields, to build a decent house, buy good clothes, eat three square meals a day and send their children to school.

The Jamaican economy has been on

the rocks since the early '70s, a decline fostered partly by governmental incompetence, but largely by major downturns in the world economy exacerbated by U.S. efforts in the late '70s to bring down the socialist government of Michael Manley. Manley's successor, the conservative, Harvard-educated Edward Seaga, has been, if anything, even less successful at putting the economy on its feet.

Faced with steeply rising prices—the inflation rate this year is expected to top sixty percent—and a cutback in the paltry services provided by the state, the Jamaican peasant has turned increasingly to the cultivation of marijuana as the only way to make an adequate living and to provide for the future.

The expansion of ganja cultivation

has been such that last summer Jamaica's science and technology minister Ronald Irvine admitted that its cultivation was thriving in all but two of Jamaica's fourteen parishes (administrative districts) and that there were illicit airstrips serving the herb trade in all parishes. The government, according to Irvine, had met setbacks in its effort to curb marijuana exports, though he did not say what these were.

Hard Line

Last fall the Jamaican government began to take a hard line on the ganja trade after a *New York Times* feature article reported that the Reagan administration was moderating its demands that the Seaga government squash the drug trade. The U.S. feared that, should Seaga become more energetic in his efforts to halt marijuana exports, this would have an adverse effect on his political future.

Seaga is one of Reagan's closest allies in the Caribbean. Any loss of support for him strengthens the moderate socialist party led by Michael Manley, which the U.S. has stigmatized as communist.

Drug Enforcement Administration official Sam Billbrough was cited by the *Times* article as saying that communism was a worse problem than drugs, and former assistant secretary of state (in the Reagan administration) Lawrence Eagleburger also expressed concern at a potential growth in "communist" support should Seaga's popularity dip as a result of a crackdown on the ganja business. Eagleburger was quoted as saying that he did not know that Jamaica was a major marijuana-producing country.

The fact is that Seaga's support has been declining for reasons other than his attitude to marijuana, and is in fact lower than Manley's right now, largely because of his mishandling of the economy.

Seaga reacted quickly to the *New York Times* article by announcing that he had imposed tax assessments totalling 28.5 million dollars on 28 major marijuana traders, some of whom, he said, had not paid taxes for years. A few weeks later he announced that one of these dealers was plotting to assassinate him, a statement which generated a considerable amount of disbelief in Kingston.

Seaga's public utilities and transport minister Parnell Charles piloted a bill through the parliament at the same time that upped the penalties on the use of illicit airstrips, and the police appear to have upped their efforts to seize ganja being transported to the export sites and to burn the fields.

Big Bucks

It is ironic that the Jamaican government is taking steps at this juncture to curb the export of marijuana, which in 1983 brought in 175 million dollars to Jamaican growers and dealers. Jamaica's principal legal export, the aluminum ore bauxite, is in decline, and one bauxite producer, Reynold's Metals, has pulled out of the country. According to Seaga himself, the economy is expected to show one percent negative growth.

In an interview in October, Oswald Harding, Chairman of Jamaica's National Committee for Drug Abuse, said Jamaica was using all the resources available to crack down on the marijuana trade, not simply because of Jamaica's close relationship with the U.S. government and in conformity with international law, but because it "is very deeply concerned about the drug problem developing in our own society."

"Jamaica," Harding told me, "is a country where we don't have the rehabilitation centers and that sort of thing you

find in the developed countries. So, we are deeply concerned about the drug problem as a Jamaican problem, and that is the reason why we are doing everything possible to deal with it."

In addition to this social concern, Harding argued that the marijuana trade was promoted by American interests who had "been corrupting Jamaican people to grow marijuana on their behalf." These Americans had infiltrated Jamaica's airspace with "unlicensed and unauthorized aircraft" that were "coming to Jamaica, crashing in Jamaica and doing us a great deal of problems."

The government, he said, had no reason to doubt that the ganja trade was a conduit for the entry of firearms into the country and emphasized that the government had little real knowledge about what was brought into the country by ganja buyers. In one instance, he said, a dog had been brought into the country, which was a very serious concern "because Jamaica happens to be an area that is rabies-free."

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● Ganjamen check their crop, then go inside to test the herb (overleaf).



All photos, including centerfold (next page), by Peter Simon





BIRD FEED SEEDS: POT OR NOT?

Seeds in budgie food are strictly for the birds

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

A few years ago I was told that in some bird seed there were large marijuana seeds. So I bought some seed and, to my surprise, they were in there. I tried planting the seeds I picked from the mix, but they would not come up. I tried tissue germination instead and they started to sprout but they died when I tried to plant them. It wasn't the soil, since I planted other pot in it after I

tried these. What's wrong with these seeds and what kind are they? How can I grow them?

—Wondering
Dover, Fla.

The seeds are cannabis, but of the hemp variety which contains little THC, so you are not likely to get high from the buds. They were probably grown in the legal hemp fields of Italy, Yugoslavia or China.

The U.S. government requires that these seeds be treated so that they are not viable (will not grow). However, since the seeds actually germinated, there is a chance that

the plants can be kept alive despite the treatment. I would try germinating it in vermiculite, and give it a dilute nutrient solution such as fish emulsion at one half the recommended concentration.

Dear Ed,

What kind of yields should be expected from an outdoor garden? I've read that eight good-sized plants could yield over four pounds of grass. Is this just the manicured buds or is it the total yield of the plants, including fan leaves?

—High in the Mountains
Walhalla, S.C.

Half-pound yields are not unusual from well-developed plants. Yields of full-grown, fully matured, six-foot sinsemilla plants vary from four ounces to over a pound. Difference in yield is caused by several factors including variety, climate, cloud cover, nutrient and water conditions, and space.

Dear Ed,

My grow room measures only seven feet in height, so my plants often don't grow tall. I'd like to grow the best buds possible. Would I be better off clip-

ping them sometime after the fourth set of leaves or just letting them grow as tall as possible?

—R.S.
Michigan

The plants will get the biggest buds in the shortest time by letting them grow to a combined height of plant and pot of about three feet before putting them into flowering. They will grow another two feet after the light change, to a total of five feet. The light fixture and space require two feet of height so the plants will just make it.

Dear Ed,

I've had a couple of plants put out triple branches and was wondering if that would be a good trait to breed back in to the rest of the crop?

—Pack Rat
Orlando, Fla.

Most of the plants which exhibit this growth branch into two main branches before the fifth node. However, a plant which matures triple-branched would be quite interesting. It might have an increased yield, for one thing.

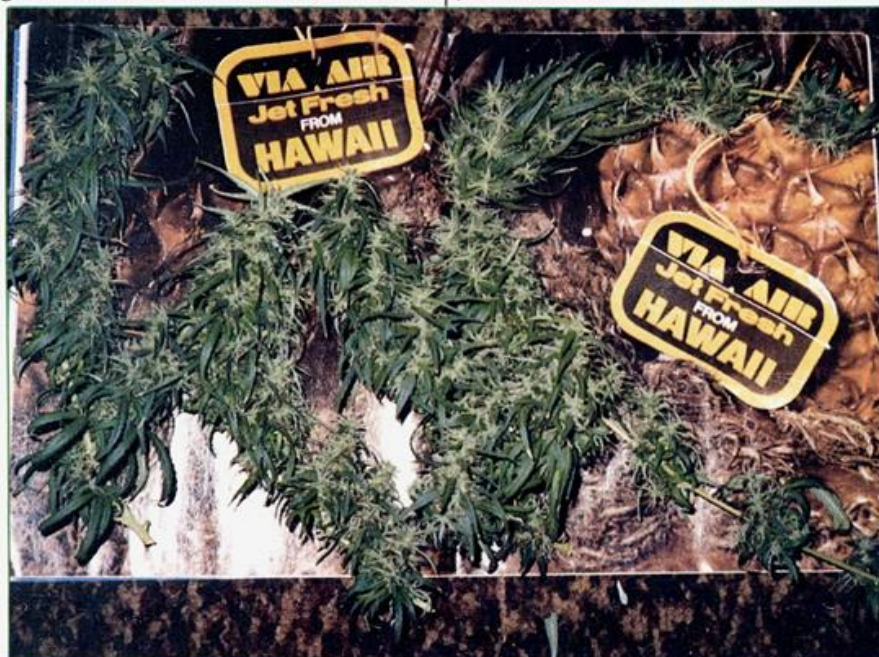
Dear Ed,

I have had several plants from the same field wilt, turn brown and die. They were taken care of the same as all of the rest of the plants. When I pulled them up, I found ants covering the roots. Is this what killed them? If so, what can I put on them to kill the ants, but not harm the plant?

—S.G.
Belmont, N.C.

It sounds like your plants were attacked by a wilt. In both India and Italy, where cannabis is cultivated under field conditions, some varieties of the plant are very susceptible to fusarium wilt, a specific fungus. The affected plants which I saw had white and bluish patches all over the roots, which were also noticeably less developed than their healthy neighbors. They were not attacked by ants.

In your case the ants may have been farming the fungus.



● **Bud of the month:**

Wish you could have just one whiff of these fresh Kona colas.

—B.P.

Honolulu, Hawaii



● Garden of the Month

Here is a picture of our '84 indoor garden. This 12-foot x 12-foot room turns into an 80-ounce oasis every three months.

We start by using cuttings in a room with one halide, set for 18 hours and as close to the plants as possible without burning. Watering every two or three days and allowing the soil to dry some before each heavy watering makes for superfast growing plants with use of Peter's 20-20-20.

After three months the plants are placed in another room consisting of two 1000-watt halides set for 11½ hours. We switch to Peter's 15-45-15 for flowering. After bud clusters appear, the leaves on top are trimmed away to allow more light to lower areas. This slows the top bud down some, but what happens is more buds maturing and more per plant over all.

*—The Afghan Man
Green City, Ohio*

Dear Ed,

I have two 1000-watt metal halides and my electric bill comes to \$136 a month. Regularly, it would be \$48. Should I invest in a generator instead? Is it safe, cost effective, and how big a unit do I need?

—Mike-A-Pot

Somewhere in California

In order to run the two lights you would need a generator with a generating capacity of 2.5 kilowatts.

The cost of the generator, fuel and maintenance would probably bring the cost to twice your cost of electricity amortized over a three-year period. That does not include the hassle factor. Remember that a generator is basically a diesel engine attached to an alternator-generator. This engine is to be running full time, and constantly running engines wear out and need maintenance.

Generators are favored by growers with large systems who do not wish to arouse suspicion because of a spinning electric meter. Electric companies are interested in high electric bills primarily because they are often caused by shorts, which are dangerous. Now, of course, some utilities also keep an eye out for suspicious gardens.

The amount of electricity which can be drawn without arousing suspicion depends on the situation. Industrial and commercial space can be expected to draw much more electricity than a residence. Electric draw varies with season. It is generally highest in summer (due to air conditioning) and then in winter.

Larger and more affluent suburban spaces are expected to use more electricity than small, inner city apartments. After all, the suburbanite may very well use live current to heat his pool, charge his garden cart, cool, heat and light a large space.

Free Environment is a semimonthly newspaper published at the University of Iowa. It's been published for a number of years and has an interesting editorial stance. The front-page stories for the Sept.-Oct. issue were "Bomb Grade Uranium Missing," "Oregon to Vote on Legalization" and "Novel Accounting Nets Windfall For Utilities." There are also stories on radiation, abortion issues and political corruption. Altogether, an enjoyable and very readable mix. Individual subscriptions are \$5 a year, \$10 for businesses and libraries; free to Iowa college dormitories and to prisoners everywhere. Write to *Free Environment*, Iowa Memorial Union, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA 52242 or call (319) 353-3888.

I welcome tips, comments and questions about marijuana and marijuana cultivation. Also photos for the Bud, Plant and Garden of the Month. Correspondents whose comments or photos are used will receive a free copy of my new book, *Marijuana Growers Handbook*.

By submitting your photograph(s), you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint the photograph(s) in HIGH TIMES magazine as well as any other Trans-High Corporation publications.

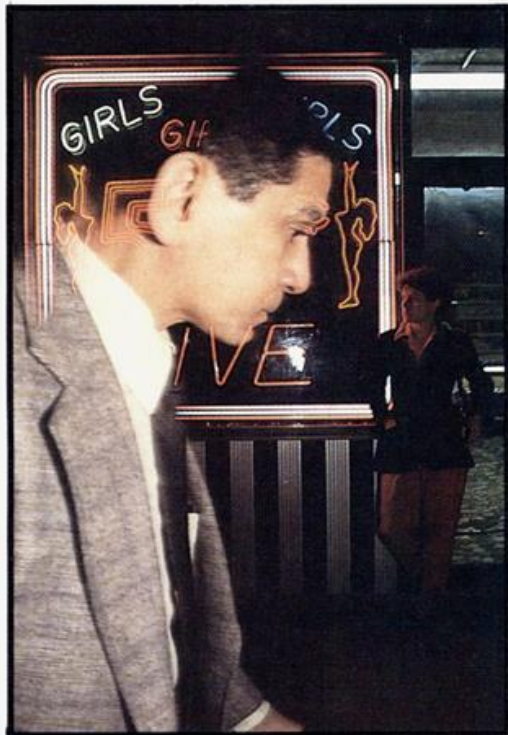


● Plant of the Month

This is just one plant. She gave us over four pounds of buds. A week or two before we sawed her down, her leaves started fading and turning purple at the same time; the buds also had a deep purple tint. It was the best pot I've ever smoked [been smoking 17 years—whoa! I'm getting old!].

—Anonymous

Aguanga, Calif.

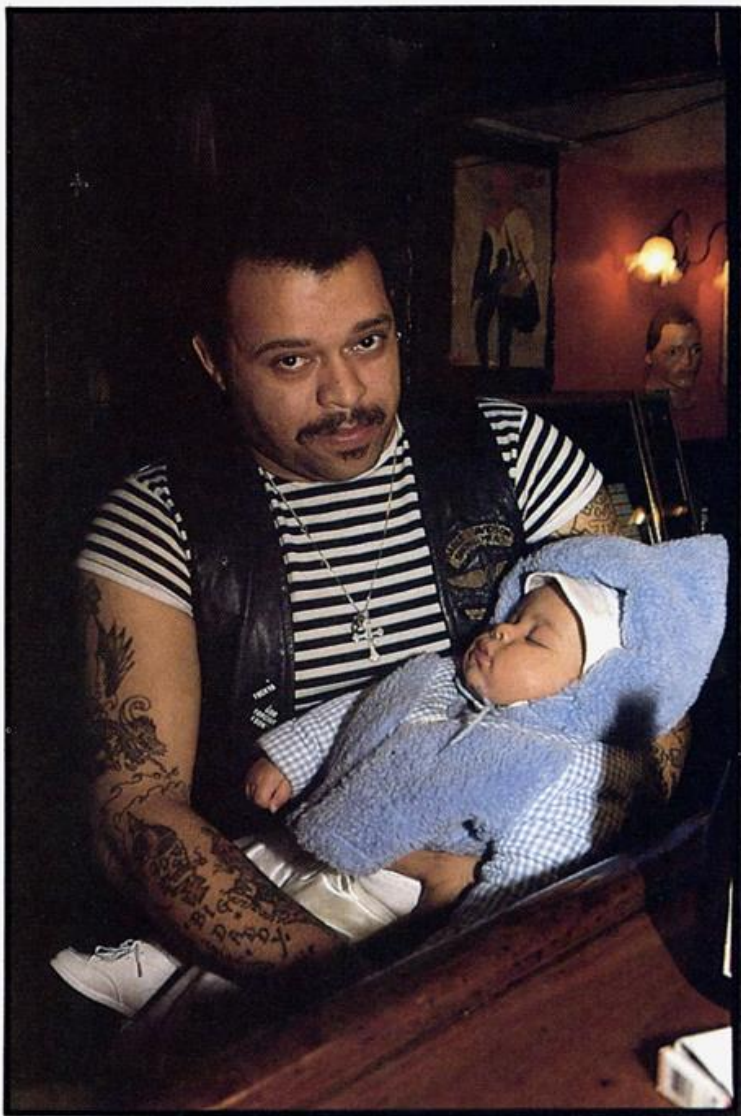


FOR SALE TIMES S

Photos and text by Nan Goldin

The architects' pristine drawings for the new Times Square in New York City propose a high-tech, "vice-free" environment for the new gentry. What's wrong with their pictures is that there's no place for the many thousands of workers and residents who call Times Square home. This kind of upscale urban renewal of a working-class community is taking place around the country, but

because of the Square's worldwide fame, the Times Square plan—developed by and for the rich—is a particularly dramatic example of the destruction of a neighborhood in the name of big bucks. For, despite its deserved reputation as a tourist/sex trade zone, Times Square is also a real neighborhood. To get the stories of its residents, **HIGH TIMES** went to a local bar and found a cross-cultural club-



Carlos with Jesse—Carlos, known as Big Daddy... five-month-old Jesse, the baby of two close friends of Carlos... the reception for Jesse's christening was held in the bar... the pool table was converted to a buffet table... Big Daddy loves children, has several of his own... one of the best known Spanish bikers... works sometimes as a bouncer, sometimes in construction... had a biker wedding in the back of the same bar a few years ago.

Cheryl from Queens and girlfriend—Been a bartender in the neighborhood for many years... considered one of the best in the area... also a good fighter... known to lose



QUAIRE

house, a microcosm of the types and lifestyles that make up the Times Square community: bikers, blue collar workers and businessmen; street kids, artists, con men and musicians; drag queens, street sellers and sex trade workers. Forget Times Square's present honky-tonk image and its proposed Disneylandish future. Meet the *real* people of Times Square.

—Ed.

Anita—Danish . . . lived downtown with friends and sometimes in hotels . . . hung out in the club and music scene . . . has a pierced nose . . . liked to draw . . . was a model and supported herself dancing in the neighborhood . . . carried a doll dressed in tattered fur in her purse . . . moved back to Copenhagen a short time ago.



jobs for punching out her bosses . . . likes blondes and gold jewelry . . . shoots a good game of pool . . . likes to travel but always comes back to the neighborhood . . . the blonde girl is an old friend and a dancer.



Ray and J.L.— On the right, real name Ravenel . . . from the South . . . at left, J.L. from Buffalo . . . would describe themselves as men of leisure . . . drink Hennessey and Harvey's Bristol Creme . . . Ray drives an old Cadillac . . . behaves like a gentleman . . . lots of friends in the neighborhood.



The Rea

by Madalyn Murray

Mrs. Madalyn Murray started court action yesterday to eliminate "sectarian" opening exercises from the Baltimore city public schools...

—The Baltimore Sun
December 8, 1960



Some people have interpreted my position to mean that I am against religious ceremonies in schools. *This is not true.* I am against religion. I am against schools. I am against apple pies. I am against "Americanism," mothers, adulterated foods, nuclear fission testing, commercial television. I am against all newspapers, 99-and-44/100% of the magazines. I am against Eisenhower, Nixon, Kennedy, Lodge. I'm even against giving the country back to the Indians. Why should the poor fools be stuck with this mess?

I'm against people who are against things. That was the start of it.

I am the spawner of two sons, one age 6 and one age 14. I am going to state boldly at the outset that I abuse these two sons. I expect them to:

- (1) give love and accept love;
- (2) mature.

When Bill was age 10 I expected him to read and understand *Hiroshima* and the *Voyage of the Lucky Dragon*. Our household Gods were Clarence and Ruby Darrow, Mahatma Gandhi, Albert Schweitzer, Eugene V. Debs, Castellio and Paine. He was versed in their ideology or else! When he was 6, I started him on chess; I told him that he either beat me at the game when he was 8, or he could look for a new home. He can beat me at chess.

I just never did introduce him to any specific organized religion. Once, when he was in the first grade, he came home and told me that the teacher asked, every Monday, who went to church and who didn't. He wanted to know what a church was like inside and what they did.

I told him that a man got up in front of a large group of people and harangued them about being sinners and told them to "pray" for forgiveness. He wanted to know what praying was, and I told him it was a way that people had of nagging something they called God to grant them small favors. They figured the more they nagged, the more they got. Bill grinned

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From 1958 to 1974, Paul Krassner's The Rag in the country. As an often outrageous forum Woody Allen, Richard Pryor, Abbie Hoffman, HIGH TIMES is proud to reprint her

list Lives!

From *The Best of The Realist*, edited by Paul Krassner, Running Press, Philadelphia, Pa., © 1984 by Paul Krassner

by Lenny Bruce

Who is guilty of my harrassment? It starts with me, who never took any interest in Civics in school, allowed others to handle the important funds while I screwed around; by the time I came back from screwing around and saw that the idiot kids had taken over the lead, I could control myself with intellectual pursuit and a voice in a bipartisan community through the media. Gradually, the bullies bought up the voice, and now, with the exception of a few periodicals, the voice is gone.

Another party comes to the forefront: slick, organized uniforms. You-kneeform. It's time for the masquerade. Go to court and it's "Hey, Lenny, you've got to wear a blue suit and get a haircut."

Why wear a blue suit? So that those who try the facts will not be burdened searching for the felon.

"Which one is he?"

"Don't you know how to spot them? They wear blue suits."

"How about the *real* men in blue?"

"They wear their brown suit that day."

I could not expect to get a jury that did not read a newspaper, and to make sure they were prejudiced and that The People had their side of the story in first, the newspapers saw to it that I glommed the first handicap, the stigma of being arrested. That in itself puts one in an unsavory light.

I am a product of the press myself. I could have kept a sense of right and wrong were it not for the newspapers that stilted it. We keep forgiving, and, goddamit, you can't—at least if you're the kind of person that likes to plan ahead for a hate or a forgive.

We forgave the Japanese once, the Germans once, but the White Southerners we've kicked in the ass since Fort Sumter.

A bronze honor roll, black wreaths and those dopey green sticks with dye running that support them.

My uncle used to lie that he just bought a poppy.

The *Realist* has contrasted the Police Report of my arrest in Chicago for obscenity, with a transcript of the tape of what I actually had said on stage.

The jury found me guilty, and the judge sentenced me to a year in jail and \$1,000 fine. The appeal on the case is still pending.

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Wide World

*alist was the most irreverent antiestablishment
m for the counterculture, its contributors included
Kurt Vonnegut, Terry Southern and two writers
e: Lenny Bruce and Madalyn Murray.*



Papa Realist

People magazine termed Realist Editor/Founder Paul Krassner "the father of the underground press," to which he retorted: "I demand a blood test." Despite the demise of The Realist and most of America's alternative press, Krassner keeps up his satiric wit performing stand-up comedy and writing his autobiography. In a recent HIGH TIMES interview, he remembered the days of The Realist.

HIGH TIMES: What was it like to start The Realist in 1958?

PAUL KRASSNER: America was still in the after-dregs of McCarthyism. The Cold War was heavy in the air, and there was no real outlet for irreverence anywhere. The media just didn't reflect what was in people's minds; there was this real discrepancy between what people felt and what was reported. I felt really alone in my thoughts about things, but I knew I couldn't be the only Martian in America. So I started *The Realist*, and its popularity proved that I wasn't the only Martian in America.

HIGH TIMES: Why did you stop publishing The Realist in '74?

KRASSNER: I ran out of money and taboos, simultaneously.

HIGH TIMES: Are there really no more taboos?

KRASSNER: The problem now is different. But you can say anything—then you couldn't. The climate now is conservative chic. And the problem now is dealing with the conflict between free speech and Eddie Murphy's antigay comments.

HIGH TIMES: What's the current state of satire?

KRASSNER: Well, now the climate is so full of libel suits. Now people are censored because publications fear libel suits. It's difficult to tell the difference between satire and reality, and that's the point of satire. Jerry Falwell's victory over *Hustler* set a bad precedent—Flynt lost in court because they proved he meant it (i.e., the parody). As a protective device, Flynt puts "not to be taken seriously" on his parody ads; Jonathan Swift never did that.

HIGH TIMES: Are satires lies?

KRASSNER: No, and I'll quote Picasso on this: "Art is a lie that makes people see the truth." That's satire.

Madalyn Murray

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and said, "Boy, if he chops off nagging like you do, I pity those poor people."

The upshot was that he wanted to go to church. I did him up brown. We dressed in our best clothes and I chucked him off to Sunday School, then met him later and dragged him to the church services. I will never forget what he said to me. "Mom," he whispered, "I thought 'Jesus Christ' was a swear word. Now they tell me it's some guy who ran around in his nightgown. He was supposed to be made out of bread and wine."

That ended *that* experiment.

So, during the summer, Bill began to grapple with what to do when school opened this year, as he was not going to go through that "hogwash" of Bible reading and prayer recitation each morning. I looked at him, one full inch taller than I am (5'8"), and I told him if he thought he was big enough now to take on our entire culture as an opponent, that he could jolly well begin where he wanted to begin.

The first day of school he was in the principal's office. The second day I was in the office—and when the din of the battle abated, status quo was still quo-ing. We mapped out battle lines. The first offensive was to "exhaust administrative remedies," which we did. They ignored us.

Then Bill came up with his idea: why not go on strike? This had always been an effective weapon against me—and after a couple of days of garbage removal on my own, I always raised his allowance. He figured that it should work. (You see, until *The Realist* came along, we felt we were the only ones in the world who could engage in the doublethink of seriously attacking what was sick in the U.S. while at the same time laughing ourselves sick about it. In this particular fight against religion, we are in deadly earnest and at the same time it is one helluva big lark. No one quite understands this position, so please feel free to join either the crowd or us.)

I wrote a letter to the school board, stating that "when there is a clear violation of the principle of separation of church and state, and when my good conscience as a confirmed and practicing atheist requires that I must rebel against such a flagrant violation of basic constitutional rights, I am compelled, in an action of civil disobedience, to withdraw my son, William, from Maryland public schools. I do not intend to send him to a private school. He will remain at home and he will be schooled under my personal tutelage, without religion..."

And we began our "home study" program and our "strike." Knowing this would be a fight, I sent copies of our letter to the American Civil Liberties Union, the Baltimore Ethical Culture Society and, through the latter, to the American Humanist Association.

The American Humanist Association did not answer my letter. The Baltimore Ethical Culture Society wrote back, "you have our heartiest handshake," but they never put a word in their newsletter, never endorsed my position publicly, never told their members at their meetings what I was doing, and in reply did not even use the organizational letterhead.

The attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union came out to my home and told me what I was doing was evil and sinful, that my overt fight meant that I lacked faith in my son's tenacious hold on atheism. He refused to intercede in the case and repeated, "You are wrong, wrong, wrong in what

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Lenny Bruce

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One of the things I got arrested for in Chicago was showing a picture of a girl that was really pretty. I wanted to point out the God-made-the-body paradox of the decent people who would object to that groovy-looking chick.

I could never sit on a jury and put anybody away for *looking*. If I'm dressing and there's that chick across the way—that blue-eyed, pink-nippled, sweet high-ass from Oklahoma—I'm going to look and I'm going to call my *friends* to look.

But, in our society, it's "Pull down the shade"—and charge two bucks to get in.

That's what repression does.

I'd like to fight the appeal on the Chicago obscenity rap on a whole different issue. The obscenity law, when everything else boils away, is: Does it appeal to the prurient interest?

I must get you horny—that's what it means.

If I do a *disgusting* show—a show about eating pork—that's not obscene. Although you Jews and vegetarians and Moslems will bitch your asses off, that's my right as an American, to talk about pork, to extol its virtues, to run in front of a synagogue:

"Here's pork! Look at it, rabbi!"

"Get him out of here, he should be arrested—that's disgusting!"

"I want to know what's *wrong* with appealing to the prurient interest?"

It doesn't matter. That's why the Pilgrims left England, man. If a guy wants to wail with pork, that's his *schtick*.

Or, if I do a *vulgar* show—I sing rock 'n' roll tunes, wear platform shoes, Kitty Kellys with ankle straps—it's not obscene.

No, obscenity has only one meaning: to appeal to the prurient interest. Well, I want to know what's *wrong* with appealing to the prurient interest? I really want them to stand up and tell me that fucking is dirty and no good.

Do you know there are guys in jail for doing it to *chickens*? Bestiality.

Hey, lady, would you get bugged if your husband balled a chicken?

"I was the last one to know!"

"She was only sitting on my lap—I was *feeding* her."

"Oh, sure, you were feeding her. Everybody *told* me what you were doing to her—and on *our* bed."

"It wasn't on the bed, it was over there—"

"What's happened to your chicken? Have you seen your chicken lately? Tell your *chicken* to fix dinner. . ."

Once I was talking to a horse trainer and a jockey. I'm not hip to track people and their life, but this trainer told me how

he really loved animals, and to have a horse that's a winner you've got to lock them up all the time. Just keep them a prisoner and box-car them from town to town, and never let them have any fun with other lady horses. It's the lowest. Just keep them so when that race comes, he's a nut! *Whoosh. . .*

The jockey said to me, "You know, Lenny, sometimes in the morning when the light just starts to break through, some of those fillies are so beautiful, they look like pretty ladies. When they've got those fly-sheets on, they look like negligees flying the wind."

"Oh, yeah? Uh—did you ever—?"

"No."

"Because that's very interesting transference there. I can't see any girlie thing in horses. Now tell me the truth—because I know I'd deny it too if I made it with a filly—but I mean, you know, did you ever?"

He said no, he never did, but then he told me a story that really flipped, about this horse called "I Salute," out of Isaacson Stables. This horse was a big winner—purse after purse—she really had it made, and the season was almost over.

Five o'clock one morning they caught a 50-year-old exercise man with the horse. Naturally, they busted him. The charge: sodomy. They arraigned him, convicted him, and he got a year in the joint.

Now I started thinking—what a hell of a thing to do time for, you know?

"What are you in for?"

"Never mind."

The most ludicrous thing would be making the arrest, I assume. You'd be so embarrassed.

"I, uh, you're under arrest—uh, *ahem*, come out of there!"

Or the judge. How could he really get serious with that? "Where's the complaining witness?"

Anyway, the exercise man was in prison, and the horse must've missed him a lot, because she didn't want to race anymore. And she never did race again.

The lowest of the low—from both the felon's point of view and the police eye—is the child-molester. But his most heinous crime is simply that he is bereft of the proper dialogue, for if he spoke his lines thusly, he would never be busted:

"C'mere, Ruthie, c'mere to your Uncle Willie, look at those little apples on you, lemme lift you up, she gonna have to get a bra-*zeer* soon, let your Uncle Willie tickle-ickle-ickle you, rump-bump-bump on the floor, she's getting some hair on *booger*, tickle-ickle-ickle, watch her wriggle-wriggle-giggle in Uncle Willie's ruddy palm, don't tell Mommy or you'll break the magic charm."

And Uncle Willie's Mason signet ring snags little Ruthie's nylon underthings. . . children don't wear *panties*.

I don't smoke marijuana, and I'm glad—because I can champion it then. The reason I don't is because it's a hallucinatory—and I've got enough shit going on in my head without smoking pot.

Marijuana will be legal some day, though, because there are so many law students that smoke pot, who will some day become Senators and legalize it to protect themselves.

But there are people in jail now for smoking *flowers*.

And yet you wouldn't *believe* how many people smoke pot. If anybody reading this would like to become mayor, believe me, there's an untapped vote. Of course, you wouldn't want to be the Marijuana Mayor, so you'd have to make it a trick statute, like "The Crippled Catholic Jewish War Children In Memory Of Ward Bond Who Died For You Bill To Make Marijuana Legal." □

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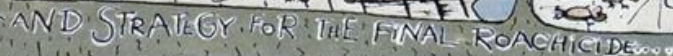
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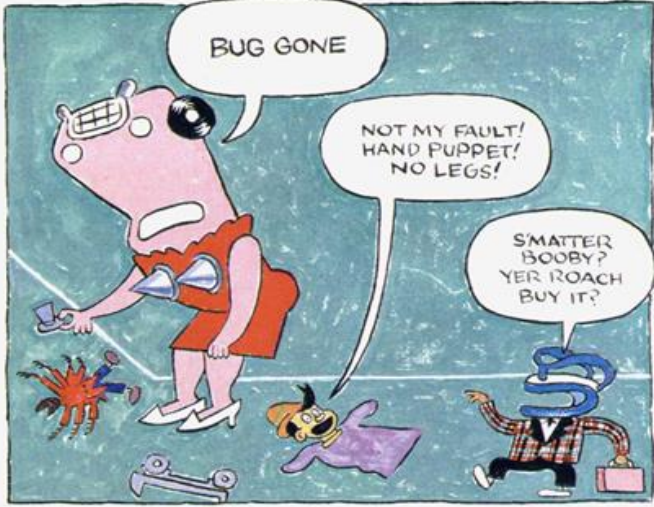
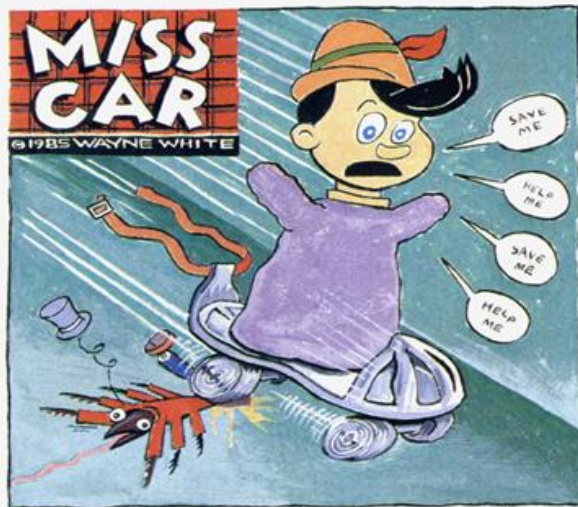
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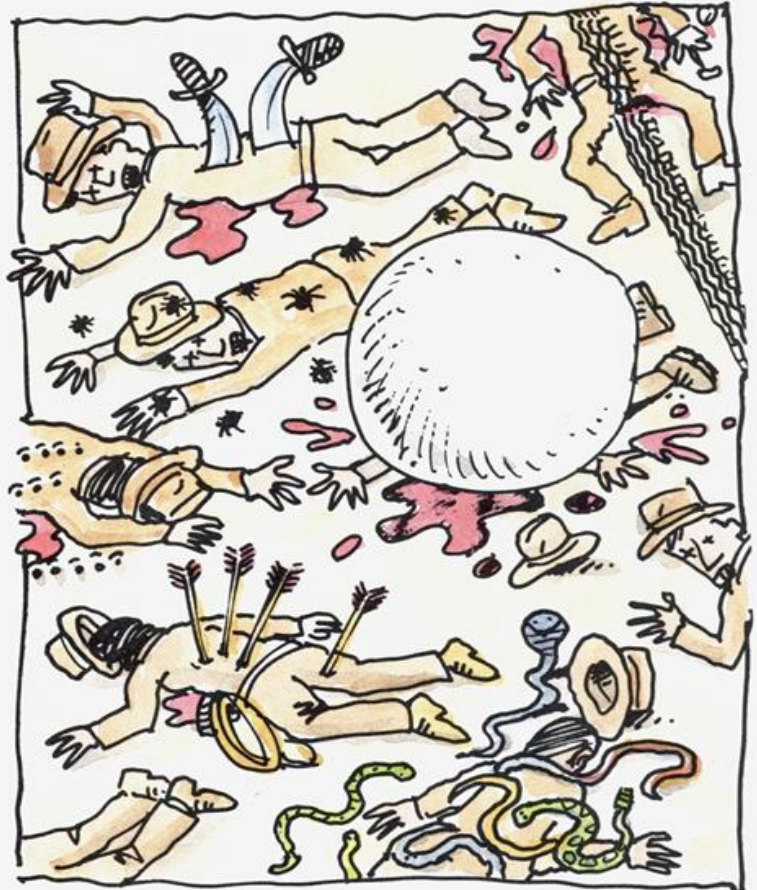
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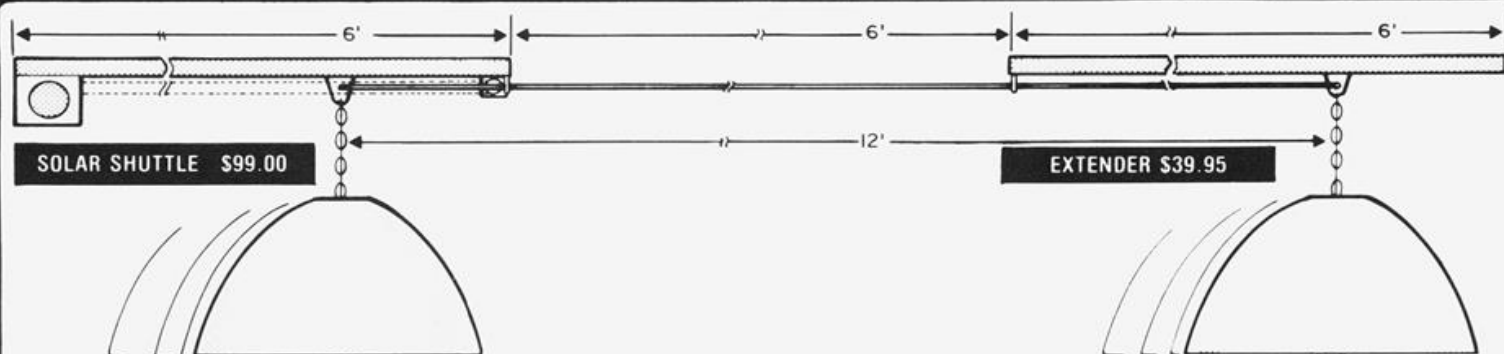
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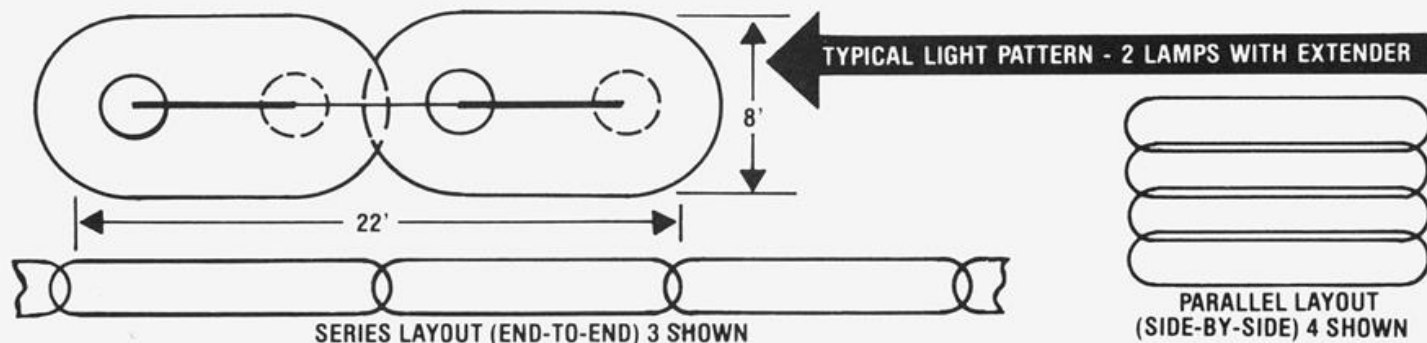


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Ganja / continued from page 51

Congress Complains

While Harding felt that Jamaica and the U.S. were closely cooperating to stop the marijuana trade, the chair of the House of Representatives Select Committee on Narcotics Abuse, New York Congressman Charles Rangel, felt that the Jamaican government was "not prepared to make a serious effort to eradicate marijuana."

In an interview last fall, Congressman Rangel said that the Jamaican authorities probably felt that eradicating marijuana would involve too great a political and economic risk. Seaga's government, he stated, had said "it did not want assistance from the United States for law enforcement and drug eradication."

There appeared, he said, to be "no feeling of immorality" about the export of marijuana to the U.S. Strict law enforcement was needed, he declared, and the fact that Jamaica was a close friend of the U.S. did not mean that there should be special exceptions, besides which there were international agreements that Jamaica was violating.

Asked about the economic consequences of eradicating marijuana production, which is more profitable to the farmer than other crops, Rangel said that "many crimes in the U.S. are more profitable than legal work." He added that the discovery of substitute crops was a task for the Jamaican government.

If Prime Minister Seaga and former Prime Minister Manley deemed marijuana essential to the economy and integral to the culture, Rangel declared, "then let's wipe out the hypocrisy" and cease speaking of the difficulty of enforcing the law.

Although there has been a sudden increase in press reports of seizures and burnings by the Jamaican police, there is little likelihood that this will significantly alter production. There have been other flurries of official energy in the past whenever foreign press attention has been brought to bear on the ganja trade. But it's always back to business once the uproar subsides.

Ganja, Guns, Goods

Apart from the fear that the police might take a hand in matters, the principal concern of both buyers and sellers appears to be price and quality. A few years ago concern was expressed at sharp practices by Jamaican growers and dealers who attempted to pass off inferior quality ganja and

the dried leaves of other plants in an effort to maximize their profits, but this seems to have largely ceased.

At about the same time, Jamaican dealers complained that all too often they were paid in counterfeit U.S. currency and insisted on receiving hard goods, both consumer goods, like color televisions and refrigerators, and guns in exchange for their ganja. The trade in guns has declined since 1980, though prior to that it was a major source of weapons for political thugs, and there have been fewer complaints about phoney money.

After a brief period in the late '70s and early '80s, during which much of the export trade was reputedly controlled by one organization (*not* the Mafia) which bought up so much marijuana that at times there was even a shortage on the local market, the trade appears to have returned to "normal free enterprise" conditions.

Cocaine Comes

There is one difference: since the early '80s, the drug trade from Jamaica has included the transshipment of cocaine. Former science minister Irvine called Jamaica the main transshipment point for cocaine entering the U.S.

The cocaine traffic has recently alarmed the Jamaican government and the press, which discovered rather belatedly that cocaine consumption on the island has been rising fast. Since 1980, cocaine has become the drug of choice among Jamaica's golden youth and the well-to-do, replacing ganja. It is rumored that coke has become the principal drug of many of Kingston's political gunmen, in particular those who support the government.

Coke enters the island by plane from Peru and Colombia and leaves via the regular ganja trade routes, by plane and ship. Jamaican middlemen are reaping handsome profits from the trade as are local pushers.

The cocaine factor has given Jamaica's antidrug forces a more pressing problem than pot to occupy their time. Add to that the declining Jamaican economy, the increased cultivation of ganja by poverty-stricken peasants and the record of failure in attempts to quash the drug trade, and one thing becomes clear: There should be no shortage of high-quality Jamaican herb on the American market in the foreseeable future. □



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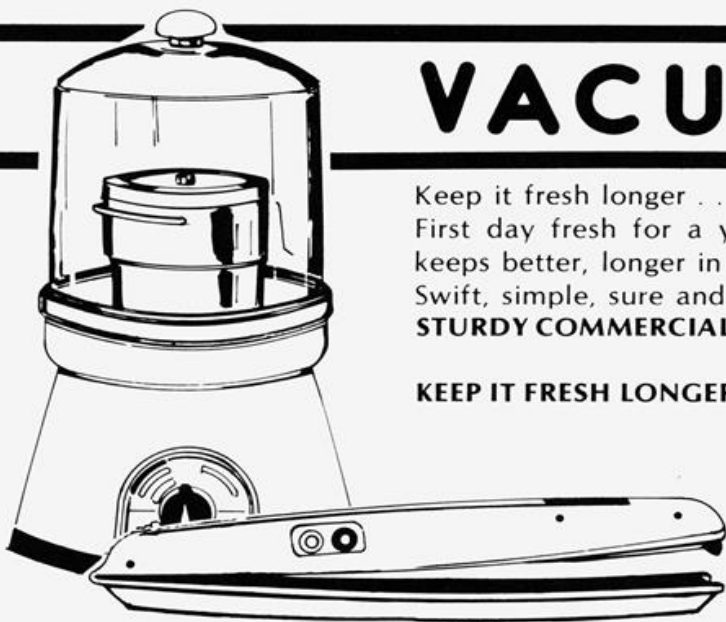
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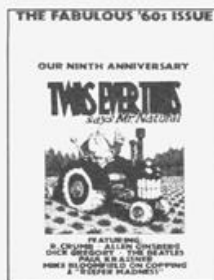
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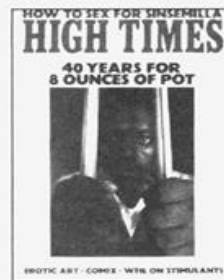
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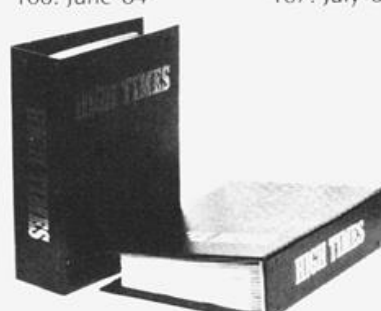
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THE Q-T IS A CUTIE

The boombox is an omnipresent symbol of our high tech age. Nonexistent less than a decade ago, portable stereo cassette players now proliferate on the streets of America. They are gleaming, dial-encrusted reminders that electronic gadgets are inescapable. But now there is a boombox that warms up the usually cool design of ultratech. It's the **SHARP QT-50**, a portable cassette player, available in a variety of pastel hues, that is more reminiscent of an Air-stream trailer than a state-of-the-art sound system. But make no mistake—the QT-50 has everything you could want in a portable stereo system: cassette player/recorder, AM-FM radio, fast-forward and rewind, two potent-but-not-overpowering speakers and, the best feature of all, a low price (\$99).



FUTURE ROCK

The compact disc is here to stay. All interested parties—from musicians to DJs to discerning audiophiles—agree that the CD offers truer sound on a disc that is virtually indestructible. The compact disc is scratch-resistant, warp-resistant, dust-resistant and fingerprint-resistant. It can be played thousands of times without any noticeable loss in sound quality, thanks to the semiconductor laser that supplants the old diamond needle.

Now comes the latest advance in CD technology: the first portable compact disc player. The **SONY D-5** is a truly remarkable unit. It is not nearly as large as the standard boombox, yet provides all the advantages of compact discs over tapes or records. And, unlike the average boombox, which is, to say the least, unwieldy, the D-5 comes with a shoulder strap and can be carried with ease.

We've saved the best part till last. The Sony D-5 sells for the un-high-tech price of \$300. Isn't that a fair price to pay for a piece of the future?



ALARMING INVENTION

Security for your stash—be it cash, valuables, personal papers or whatever—is a necessity in a society where ripoffs are a way of life. A good safe is one way to assure that security, but when you're travelling, it's not feasible to lug around a big metal safe. Now there's **THE ALARM BOX** (\$49.95 from Scarborough Imports, 212 Saint Mary's St., Peekskill, NY 10566, (914) 737-4323), a portable safe that offers portable security. The alarm box is a bit larger than a cigar box, weighs just over three pounds, and is made of SMC, an extremely tough, lightweight, vandal-proof material. It comes with an unconditional one-year guarantee on parts and labor. The Alarm Box is equipped with a unique eight-position lock and a registered key that can only be duplicated by a security firm in England. Once the box is locked, you have one minute to hide it. If anyone even touches the box after that, it will emit an ear-splitting alarm that lasts up to two hours. If you or anyone else accidentally bumps the box, the



alarm will automatically shut itself off in two minutes, providing it is not touched again. A rip-off artist will have a hard time getting away with your goods when the box they're in is blaring an alarm that can be heard for blocks. Thus, your stash is safe, your mind is at ease, and you're free to go about the important business of having fun.

Travel

/ continued from page 43

beers and Pepsis from rafts assured me that Jamaica's best ganja was in the hills flanking the river.

Moving west along the north coast you pass through Ocho Rios, a racy tourist city with a couple of high-rise hotels, and several popular attractions you can probably skip, unless you miss knee-sock-and-bermuda-shorts tourists. A bird salesman in the crafts market insisted that local herb was the very best island-wide.

As long as you're in the neighborhood, check out Fern Gully, an immense prehistoric 1000-variety fern jungle you drive through, and nearby is a place called Firefly. It was Noel Coward's Jamaican home, now a government property, and a writer's dream retreat. The stone house sits on a tall hillside with an expansive view of the rugged coast falling away and melting into the sea.

Mo-Bay

Montego Bay is the next large city you come to—Jamaica's second most populous—with lots of hotels in every price range and relatively few alternative tourism properties. One, though, is at Damali Beach.



● *Selling the ever-present tams at a roadside stand outside Negril.*

Tent camping on Parchi Parchment's beach is \$5 a night, or she rents fancier private villas, some complete with maid service, cook and driver. She's got a good restaurant on the beach, serving more ital. Watch for the bugs near the water. They bite, and it hurts for a long time.

Also at Damali Beach, cabanas, showers, parasailing, waterskiing, and Jeff's Glass Bottom Boat Rides are all available. Jeff can show you brain coral and all kinds of strange aquarium views.

A special local treat is another famous island "high," Roots wine. A blue-eyed

Festivals For The Young At Art

Jamaica's annual National Festival of Arts, a showcase event for young island dancers, actors, photographers, fine artists, filmmakers, writers and musicians, has become the World Youth Festival of Arts this year, in cooperation with the U.N.'s International Youth Year, 1985. Artists and performers from around the globe will be gathering April 1-9 in Kingston, "to provide thousands of visitors with the opportunity to experience a broad spectrum of outstanding youth-oriented works," according to Senator Olivia Grange, the executive producer of the festival.

Festival activities include parades and appearances by international artists. Live theatre, dance concerts, poetry readings, workshops, seminars and master classes by guest performers are expected to highlight the creativity of youth, and demonstrate, through art, an ongoing understanding of the concerns of youth.

There will be art exhibitions, art

tours (some of private collections), also architectural and historical tours around Kingston. A literary exhibition is planned, and a Grand Market for the best in Jamaican handcrafts is set for the length of the festival.

A three-night International Pop Music Festival is planned for the National Stadium. Besides music, there will be an International Film Festival of documentaries, kids' films and video from all over the world. On Good Friday, there will be Festival of Praise and a Gospel Music Festival at the National Stadium.

In addition, the first International Conference on Youth will be taking place in Kingston at the same time. The purpose of this gathering is to provide a forum for youth to work together to promote democratic values. Eight hundred youth organization delegates from around the world are being invited for the April 6-9 gathering.

For information on the World Youth Festival of Arts, contact The Office of the Prime Minister, Kingston, Jamaica.

Accommodations will be available throughout Kingston, in hotels or in private homes. There will be an International Youth Camp located on the campus of G.C. Foster College, 16 miles from Kingston. One thousand campers will be able to stay there for \$9 a day, including a free train and buses to the festival. Additional alternative accommodations will be available at Kingston's colleges, which have two or three bed dorm rooms for rates from around \$6-\$20 a day, some including meals.

The festival is being staged by Technical Theatre and Staging, Inc. of Denver, Colorado. These are the people who produced the Jamaica World Music Festival in Montego Bay in 1982. They have also produced Broadway shows and Michael Jackson and Rolling Stones shows. □

Rasta named Laddie sold Smirnoff fifths of boiled-together chaney roots, corn, peanuts, coconut roots, guava roots, ginger and several more ingredients, "but no ganja root—that be illegal, mon, only pure roots." Preserved with rum, the tonic looked like a tomato juice cocktail with peanuts on the bottom of the bottle and tasted like witch hazel. Laddie closed a sale, grinning, "it build your nerves," in typically vague, cheery style.

There are good record stores and reggae clubs, like Sir Winston's, in Mo-Bay. And you can take a day-long round-trip on a tourist train to the Appleton Rum Distillery. In a taxi on the way to the train, I was told that the strongest marijuana on the island grows between Montego Bay and Negril.

Nirvana in Negril

The road to Negril is shared by careening mini-buses and top-heavy swaying transports. Plantations and palm groves hug the coastal highway leading to the trendy Jamaican outpost, the original alternative culture nirvana. There's a seven-mile beach, equally stunning black coral cliffs, no high-rises. If it's not quite the sleepy fishing village with the slow beach life of sun, sand, water and country quiet that it once was, it's still close to it. Only busier.

The beach is still the town's main thoroughfare. There's a narrow community stripping the coastline. People live along it in cabins, cottages, tents, hammocks in trees, and there's one or two luxury hotels, like Hedonism II. This is an \$800 a week summer camp for adults. It has locked gates and a calypso night club show, even though *that* comes from Trinidad. The all-inclusive package includes all the Americanized food you can eat and all the universal booze and cigarettes you can consume.

Negril offers other highlights to seekers of the offbeat. A crafts market is known for black coral jewelry. There's a branch of Mini's restaurant, too. A red, green and gold Rasta-striped front identifies it in this part shantytown, part business district. Shopkeepers sleep beside their goods.

Haggling may not turn you on, but then there's always Mrs. Brown's restaurant a few steps away. Half a cup of her tea puts a faint glow on the night. Two cups of the honey-sweet psilocybin mushroom brew can turn downtown Saturday night Negril into a kaleidoscope scene from a Caribbean-based version of *Apocalypse Now*, with you playing the lead, if you're up to it.



● *Psilocybin mushrooms are a specialty of the house at Mrs. Brown's restaurant in Negril.*

Drink two cups of
psilocybin mushroom brew
and Negril turns into a
Caribbean kaleidoscope.

Travellin' Tips

Camping is permitted in designated areas only. On weekdays, these spots are virtually empty. Make reservations at least two weeks in advance. Rainy seasons are in May and October through November.

Gear and clothing. Use light personal gear in 80-95 degree tropics, insect repellent, toilet paper, a poncho, flashlight, canteen.

Food and water are abundant. Buy local produce from farmers or street vendors. Fill canteens when you can. If you want prepackaged camping foods, bring them from home. They won't be easy to find in Jamaica.

Other suggested liquids are Pic-a-Peppa Sauce, made from mangos, tambrins and spices, good with many foods, and Tia Maria, a noble coffee liqueur. Best buys on alcohol: In the duty-free airport shops on your way home. White rum, the home brew type and not found in airport stores, must be tasted to be believed. Watch out. Commercial rums get you there. This stuff makes you wonder if you're coming back. Chase with Red Stripe or Dragon Stout, then sober up with a cup of Blue Mountain coffee.

Maps, charts and information are available from the Jamaica Tourist Board, P.O. Box 360, Kingston 5, Jamaica, West Indies; phone (809) 929-8070. They supply maps, brochures and current info on accommodations, tours, guides, tent and equipment rentals, ground transportation, train schedules and so forth. JTB also has offices in New York, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal, London and Frankfurt. Their services are free.

The Jamaica Alternative Tourism Camping and Hiking Association, or JATCHA, Arthur's Golden Sunset, Negril Beach, Negril, Jamaica, West Indies; phone (809) 957-4241, is a network of public and private properties throughout the island, specializing in low-cost adventure and special interest travel. For \$15, they will help personalize arrangements for hiking, backpacking, biking, river canoeing, white-water rafting, scuba diving, snorkeling, skinnydipping, reggae trips, horticultural tours and

so forth.

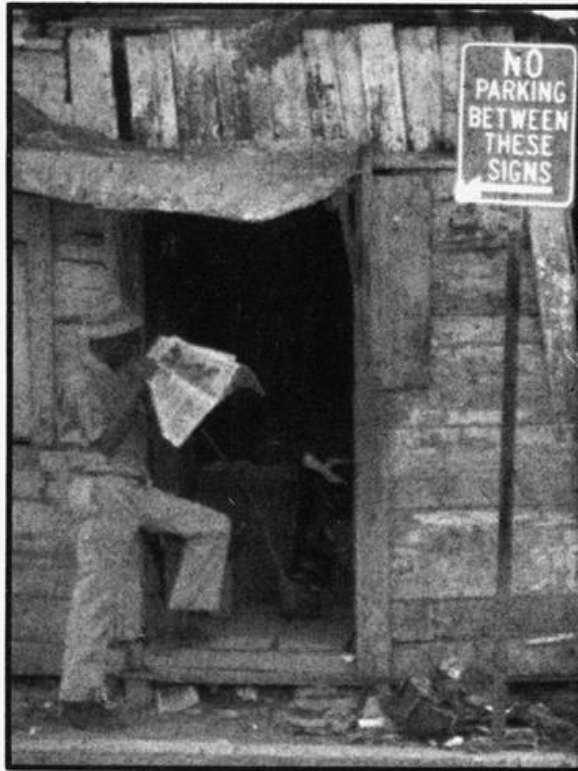
Tours and guides can be useful to first time visitors. JTB or JATCHA will help with plans for individuals or groups, or you can save money by hiring guides on the spot at places like Maya campground. Another way to save is to contact these trusted guides in advance: Leonard "Baps" Cole, Rasta Perch, Jack's Hill, Jamaica, West Indies, can meet you in Kingston, or in Montego Bay; or Gary McClean, Dumfries District, Dumfries P.A., St. James, Jamaica, West Indies. Sobek Expeditions, Angels Camp, CA, offers seven-day Blue Mountain travel packages for \$485-\$660 per person. You can, if you prefer, book your own tour for \$100 per week, or less, not including airfare. Or your travel agent can help with plans.

How-to-get-there is by air, for most. Air Jamaica, Eastern, Pan Am and American fly through New York or Miami, with some direct flights from big cities. Note: There is a \$7 departure tax that you must pay at the airport before leaving Jamaica.

Currency exchange is necessary. It's illegal to use other than Jamaican dollars on the island. All stated dollar figures are U.S. dollars, which exchange at around \$5 Jamaican for \$1 U.S., but the rate changes frequently. You can convert money at the airport or in banks. Save receipts so you can reconvert leftover funds at the airport on the way home.

Black market is illegal and thrives. \$1 U.S. brings \$6 or \$7 Jamaican. Forget it unless you want to tempt a bummer on foreign turf. Ganja, that other black market staple, is also illegal. Be discreet in public. There are Jamaican police, some undercover. Locals spot most of the cops, but watch yourself to prevent palpitations, payoffs or fines.

Immigration and Customs will handle you coming and going. You need a birth certificate or passport, and a driver's license or other photo I.D. You will be asked to fill out immigration forms on the way into Jamaica, and you will need the stamped forms for returning to the U.S.A. You can bring up to \$300 worth of duty-free goods back with you. □



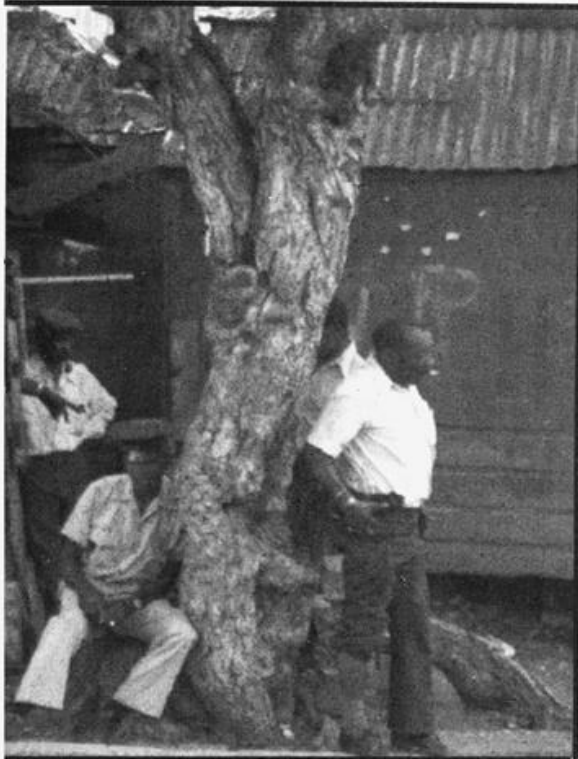
● Rampant unemployment is a major problem. Unemployed men in Kingston kill time while waiting for work.

Food 'n' Fun

There's usually good reggae in Negril every weekend. Most beachside bars have camping facilities and cement bandstands. Local bands are usually free, with lots of powerful amperage and dancing long into the night at places like Arthur's Golden Sunset, Alfred's, Roots Bamboo, and Albert's. Most offer inexpensive beach lodgings, tent camping from \$3 a night to \$25 for a two-person cabin with kitchenette. There's solar hot water in the three-person, \$60 nightly, beachside cottages at a place called Country. And more ital in their restaurant. Perseverance and Tigress cottages, just across the road from the beach, offer bedrooms for around \$10 a night.

For food, try the Wharf Club, serving conch chowder at around 75 cents for a meal-size bowl. At DeBuss, on the beach, a restaurant in a converted double-decker bus that was a prop in a James Bond movie, Joy Gentles-Logan serves the best "jerk" chicken on the island. Jerk barbecuing is popular all over Jamaica and is the slow-cooking of meats or fish over green sticks in a spicy marinade. You can also camp on the beach near DeBuss for \$5 a night. After scarfing the food you may never want to leave.

The cliffs of Negril are another popular area. This is where you find places

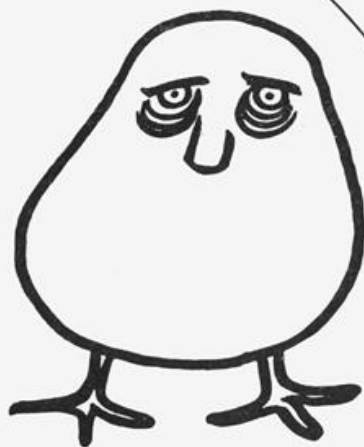


blem in paradise. Here, a group of
le waiting for jobs that may never come.

called Rock House, Cliff House, Rick's Café, (a famous sunset-watchers bar), and Drumville Cove, a pretty cluster of cottages perched on the black coral. Rates in this area start around \$20 a night, per person, for cottages with cold water showers and kitchenettes. Local cooks prepare meals for a dollar or two. Private lobstering coves are likely spots for grabbing an inexpensive dinner, or buying fresh catch from dugout canoe fishermen. Where local people eat, you can order a meal-size portion of ackee or steamed greens, with a piece of hard dough bread, for under a dollar.

Reservations are suggested for all alternative tourism properties. It's wise to double-check brochure listings ahead of time to verify information on cooking facilities, restaurants and bars, camping gear or tent rentals, toilets—private, shared or behind a bush with a banana leaf—sports equipment, boating or diving facilities and equipment, tennis, bicycle rentals, rental cars, motorbikes. Mini-bus routes and scheduled trains will get you most places you want to go, stopping often, taking forever for locals to load and unload at each stop. Very colorful mode of transport. Cool runnings.

Jamaica is the closest thing in this hemisphere to a true hipster's paradise. If you want to enjoy some *real* high times, you'll soon come, mon. □



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"... an unimportant, smutty little rag ..." — FBI,
in a poison-pen letter to *Life* Magazine, regarding *The Realist*

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Edited by Paul Krassner
Introduction by
Ken Kesey

With contributions by ★ Lenny Bruce ★
Robert Anton Wilson ★ Terry Southern
★ Dick Gregory ★ Kurt Vonnegut ★
Joseph Heller ★ and many others



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Dept. SS

you are doing."

We had been on strike for ten days.

I told some of my best friends—liberals—what I was doing, and they said, "Madalyn, when are you going to stop these silly childish crusades?"

My family was now getting irate. Daily, Bill and I were showered with abuse.

It was a tragicomedy. We were then on strike seventeen days. I asked Bill, "Is everybody out of step but Johnny?" And he answered me, "Everybody is out of step but Johnny."

On October 28th we wrote a letter to the *Baltimore Sun*: "I have had enough. When the last infamous epithet is cast and when the speaker or writer gropes for an even more vile indictment of a person or a system, invariably the word then hurled is 'atheist.' I am an atheist, and I will no longer be maligned and abused by identification with all that is evil, corrupt and noxious. Now, when religion is an issue in a national election, I want to ask you: What of us who are atheists, agnostics, humanists, nonbelievers and who are unchurched? 68 million Americans do not belong to a church. We have no spokesman in Congress, no liaison representative at the White House, no organized lobby or pressure group in Washington. Who speaks for us? Who defends us?..."

"I repeat, I have had enough. Therefore, I have withdrawn my 14-year-old son from school, in an act of civil disobedience, in defiance of Maryland Code, Article 77, Section 231, because the State of Maryland in the persons of the Board of Education of Baltimore City has violated both the First and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution of the United States by requiring daily Bible reading and recitation of the Lord's Prayer in their public classrooms.

"And, may my conscience now Rest in Peace..."

We honestly did not anticipate what would happen. We wanted to bring some pressure on the school board and, instead, all hell broke loose. A flood of newspaper men came in, radio men, television men. Within three weeks there had appeared in the three Baltimore newspapers over 100 separate articles concerned with us. The longest was 55 inches (and that ain't hay), and the shortest was about three or four inches. We were on television news every single night for three weeks. We were interviewed on radio. Releases

were national and international.

And on the second day of the mad roar of publicity, the ACLU attorney called me up and said, "You know, I think you started something." Right then and there, ACLU wanted to negotiate, to trade a little piece of our freedom for a concession from the school board, to



"Sixty-eight
million
Americans
do not
belong to
a church.
Who speaks
for us?"

arbitrate, to stall, to soft-peddle the issue of atheism.

I don't believe in anything but a broad frontal attack, and I've got my unemployment checks to prove it.

We managed to agree that Bill would go back to school, so as not to be charged with simple truancy (as the school threatened), and that he would walk out of the religious services. That is, ACLU wanted him to walk out, but I reasoned that the school would just charge him with disobedience and I insisted that he stand up, say he was walking out so as not to participate in the religious ceremony, and make the issue clear.

It was a tempest in a teapot, because the school was determined not to let us test it before they could get to the State Attorney General. With reporters watching, they locked Bill out of his class! They posted teachers at each end of the hallway and maneuvered him away from the class! They physically diverted him, each day this 14-year-old boy tried to test the issue by walking out of the service in an act of defiance.

We went to the school board meeting and pled for a hearing. The States Rights Party of Maryland and the Daughters of America were there in force to filibuster and to defame us.

The ACLU attorney looked around in disgust, said a few sour words, sat down and whispered, "What's the use?"—but first he made it clear to all concerned that he was not in support of our position, he was there to protect us only insofar as our case could be construed to be under the First Amendment.

I got up and let the sons-of-bitches have it. I made clear that I was an atheist. This was an attack on religion—an attack on religion in schools specifically, but only because that was all that I could attack in the framework of this particular issue.

Finally, the Attorney General of Maryland ruled.

This was our unique problem: there is no law in Maryland concerned with religious ceremonies in public schools. There is a school board administrative rule that the Lord's Prayer shall be recited daily and the Bible read daily, and that the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag will be said "under God." This administrative rule has the force of law.

The Attorney General ruled that the rule was safely within the meaning of the U.S. Constitution, that the children of Maryland had a right and a duty to bow their heads in prayer to the Supreme Being. He added, almost parenthetically, that if parents disagreed, they

had the right to have their child excused and he recommended to the school board that the rule should be amended to include this.

But to be excused would only cause a pupil—in the words of our petition to the courts—"to lose caste with his fellows, to be regarded with aversion, and to be subjected to reproach and insult."

The ACLU attorney did a remarkable thing. He gave a speech on the religiosity of his organization and announced at this school board hearing that 17 other people were joining me in the fight and that all denominations would eventually be represented. I knew nothing about this. If ACLU is a religious organization, I don't care—but why bring their religion into my fight?

The school board amended the rule in order to have the children excused who desired to be excused. This was about November 17th. The ACLU then informed me that "maybe" they could go ahead and file a case in court in February 1961... or thereabouts. I thought this over a little while, and fired my ACLU counsel.

Bill has six classes in school, and three of his teachers refuse to speak to him! There is extra homework, a campaign for psychological testing, "counseling" sessions, "hard" marking on grades.

What these people do not understand is that an atheist has intestinal fortitude. All the hard training I have given my son is paying off, day by day. He stands up to them, and every night he comes out to the car grinning.

I found two attorneys who would take my case. And I continued to write letter after letter to every freethought newspaper or magazine that I knew about, sent clippings, and asked for support. Until, hold your breath, *one* showed interest—but they cautioned me:

Don't call yourself an atheist. Don't say you are fighting religion. Your name needs to be Humanist, Secularist, Free-thinker, Rationalist. You must fight on the level of a violation of Constitutional rights. Throw in with the ACLU. Throw in with the American Jewish Congress. If they petition for Chanukah, love Chanukah. If they are Jewish, tell them you believe only in Judaism.

Like hell I will! I want this printed in caps: I AM AN ATHEIST. MY SON IS AN ATHEIST. OUR PRIMARY FIGHT IS AGAINST EVERY RELIGION. Our secondary fight is for our Constitutional right. But—before there was a Constitution, there was nonbelief. I don't need any legal document to support my right. Non-belief is sufficient unto itself. □

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Letters

/ continued from page 6

Mr. Stover, in his letter, identified the surgeon who performed the operation on him, and we were able to confirm that his account is true; the surgeon's name has been suppressed here, out of concern for libel. Anyone



who might be able to help find Mr. Stover a proper malpractice lawyer is most heartily invited to contact Mr. Stover, c/o HIGH TIMES, though.—Ed.

Cactus Fancier

Editor:

I have been reading your magazine for years. I enjoy it very much and I applaud your boldness. I'm glad that this country is still free enough that controversial subjects can still be written about. I don't know how long it will last.

I was on a military base in Mississippi when I was stopped for speeding. I was found with peyote in my possession. I claimed innocence on religious grounds, though I'm not an Indian. However, I do feel that a person has to be on a spiritual plane in order to eat peyote. It tastes terrible.

I'm writing to obtain a recipe for rendering the mescaline from the peyote button. I would also appreciate any publications you may know about on the subject of peyote.

—Richard Eads
Texarkana, Tex.

That's a tall order, trying to get pure mescaline out of peyote buttons. There are various published procedures for doing that—the first and simplest, from 1896, was devised by a German chemist named A. Heffter—but all the procedures employ variously poi-

sonous and explosive chemicals. If you don't know exactly what you're doing with those chemicals, you could easily blow yourself up with them, or poison the final product. Therefore, we don't run detailed recipes for making mescaline, or any other sort of chemical dope.

There are all sorts of absorbing publications on peyote and mescaline. You can get a compendious bibliography by writing to the Do It Now Foundation, P.O. Box 5115, Phoenix, Arizona. But don't tell 'em HIGH TIMES recommended them, or they'll think you're some kind of beatnik.—Ed.

NORML Guy

Editor:

I have just received a letter from the desk of NORML. This letter really hits the point about pot, politicians and taxpayers. Why don't they open their eyes and see the smoke?! Where there's smoke, there's fire, and in this case the fire is the burning movement toward the legalization of marijuana. The current situation is like prohibition of whiskey years ago. Only now the backyard garden has replaced the backyard still.

As far as I can see, it's like this: In the next five or ten years, pot will be legalized. For now we have to stick it out. But hard drugs should be controlled.

As for me, I would like to start a NORML program here in eastern Kentucky. There is a lot of potential down here. A NORML chapter here would be a great start for eastern Kentucky, southern West Virginia, southern Ohio and western Virginia.

I will not hide my name because of the marijuana laws. Please print my letter, and maybe me, HIGH TIMES and NORML will get a foot in the door of justice.

—Charles Chapman
Lovely, Kentucky

P.S. I'm making a donation to the cause of NORML.

We're forwarding a copy of your letter to NORML. For more info on starting a NORML chapter, write to them at 2317 M St., NW, Washington, DC 20037, or call (202) 483-5500. If more people in this country had the guts and the initiative you have, we wouldn't have to live with these bullshit laws much longer. More power to ya, Charlie!—Ed.

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Scenes

/ continued from page 13

river raft.

There's a fear among some artists and gallery owners that the art in Taos has become mediocre: "Side-walk art for the Texan tourists."

There are over 60 galleries around town and most are filled with familiar and traditional Southwestern art. And what passes for contemporary art is "comfortable" abstract images. Some say that the "serious" art buyers are no longer coming to town because high quality art has blossomed elsewhere in the country.

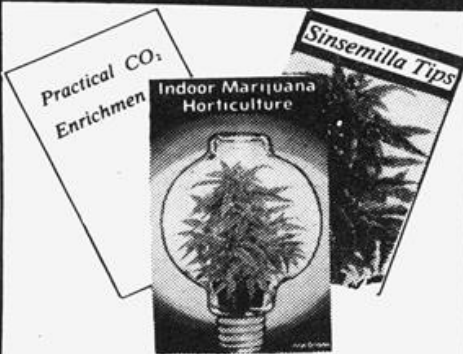
In a letter to the editor of the *Taos News*, local writer Tricia Hurst (resident for 26 years) states the case. "Over the years, Taos has gained a reputation for being a unique art colony... We have become artsy-crafty, tacky and crass. No longer can we look down on Albuquerque as being vulgar and Santa Fe as pseudo-chic. We are as commercial as both while affecting the guise of being a unique and quaint small town, with the added fillip of being sophisticated. We were never so sophisticated and we are no longer a small town. I love Taos for many reasons, but intellectual stimulation and great art are not high on my list."

T.M. Collins has a similar view. "For the past three or so years, Taos has been going uptown. Wealthy people come in, buy land and think they are part of the scene. They open some boutique or produce terrible art. There was more credibility in the mid-'70s when there was a core of good contemporary artists. Now it's hucksterism—to get people up to the ski valley. The whole Taos scene is changing. Maybe cable TV has something to do with it? Suddenly the world is here. Now kids are break dancing and dyeing their hair red."

Has the quality of art in Taos been destroyed by commercialism and a standard of mediocrity, or was there never really much more than just an "artist scene" there? Vladimir Nabokov, in a letter to Edmund Wilson, wrote: "I am now collecting butterflies in New Mexico... We are near a superb canyon where I go for my hunting, and twelve miles from Taos, which is a dismal hole full of third-rate painters and faded pansies." The year was 1954. □

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BEHIND BARS

Jeff Bonnett, 1004 C St., Ellensburg, WA 98926.

My name is Junior Lane, white, 5'7", 147 lbs., red hair, green eyes. I'm 27 yrs. old, would like to hear from all ladies. Interested in skating, partying, cars and having good times. All letters will be answered. Write to: Junior Lane 169-340, P.O. Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Write to a friend—male—25— serving life in prison; needs your mail. Jim Hanna, 954 Forest St., Baltimore, MD 21202.

I would like to have contact with a female from the outside. I have brown hair, brown eyes, age 24, 160 pounds, like to write letters. John Gaziano, Box 565, Billerica, MA 01821.

Fred D. Graham #156-435, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Busted chemist needs new friends. Prefer women, but will write anyone. Steve Jones, 347407, Rt. 2, Box 250, Palestine, TX 75801.

My name is Steven Collins and I am a white male, 5'11", 170 lbs. with red and brown hair and green eyes. I would really like to have someone to write to, to help pass the time. Steven Collins #67013, Drawer N, Trenton, NJ 08625.

Man in prison would like to hear from intelligent women who don't play games and are good looking. Have two years to go and I'm searching for the right lady to stand by me. Send pics; I'll do the same. Keith Houston, P.O. Box 60/NSP, Carson City, NV 89701.

I'm 26 years old, 6'2" and love sports. I'm white and I'm very much in need of someone to correspond with in my area. I'm not well off and need all the help that you can provide, especially help in contacting some people. Robert Brewer, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

John Kingston, P.O. Box 900-J, Raybrook, NY 12977.

I'm 22 yrs. old, white, 5'9", 158 lbs., brown hair and eyes. Will answer all letters. Lance Vivencio 84C-432, Collins Correctional Facility, Helmuth, NY 14079.

White male, age 30, blue eyes, dark hair, 5'5", hablo español, tattoos. Michael Daley 110577, B.C.C., Rt. 2 Box 111, Bland, VA 24315-9616.

California inmate needs to write to intelligent woman of any age. Robert E. Lewis, C-70342 Rm. 1285XaQ, C.M.C. East P.O. Box A-E, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

California prisoner wishes to correspond with intelligent women that enjoy art. A lone artist. Ronald W. Wiggins B66717, P.O. Box A-E, CMC East, SLO, CA 93409, Apt. 1250.

I'm 34 yrs. old, 6', 183 lbs., Capricorn, and settled. I have done all but eight months of my time. One thing I would like to do is to cultivate a friendship with someone that might become special. I'm looking for that special one to be there to welcome me back into the interior of society. Ray Burley 180-737, P.O. Box 511, Columbus, OH 43216.

Daniel Wallace, California Mens Colony, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

Michael Comeaux, Box A-E C-09169, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

I'm 28 yrs. old, male, with brown hair, blue eyes. My hobbies include tennis, bowling, running and, of course, partying. Ken Freed 164-965, P.O. Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

Vincent Harris #170072, M.C.I.H. Box 2000, Rt. 3 W.P.D.C., Hagerstown, MD 21740.

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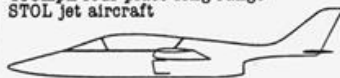
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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

STAYING AWAY FROM IT ALL

Fighting extradition can help win your case

by Martin J. Bernholz

THERE IS NO QUESTION THAT THE United States is now engaged in a zealous program to find and apprehend alleged offenders of the U.S. drug laws residing in foreign countries, and to bring those offenders back to the U.S. for trial. This is the process of international extradition. The process is complicated, and relatively novel to criminal defense lawyers and the accused. Summarized below are some of the most important legal principles and considerations which an accused drug offender must deal with if the U.S. seeks his extradition from a foreign country to face drug charges at home.

The only legal authority for international extradition exists by treaty, and the United States has entered into over 80 such treaties with foreign countries. All of these treaties embody two key legal principles which define the rights of the country requesting extradition, the obligations of the country from whom extradition is requested, and the rights of the person who is the target of the extradition request.

The first of these is the "principle of double criminality." Basically, it means that a fugitive offender cannot be extradited from the particular foreign country to the U.S. unless the crime for which the offender is sought constitutes a crime (1) that is specifically punishable in that foreign country, and (2) which is listed in the applicable treaty as being an extraditable crime. It is very important that both elements are satisfied.

A typical treaty will list an extraditable drug offense as "any offense against the laws relating to narcotics." However, that listed item does not, by itself, permit the foreign country to extradite a U.S. citizen who is alleged to have committed "any offense against the laws relating to narcotics" in the U.S. It is also necessary that the particular crime for which extradition is sought (usually as specified in the indictment) is specifically "punishable" by the foreign country. Many foreign countries do not pun-

ish or recognize as punishable certain U.S. drug crimes.

For example, the "king-pin" drug crimes of Continuing Criminal Enterprise (CCE), 21 U.S.C. 848(b), and the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act (RICO), 18 U.S.C. 1961-1968, are wholly unknown to the laws of foreign countries. While these specific crimes may fit within the listed "category" of drug offenses made extraditable by the applicable treaty, if the U.S. seeks extradition of an alleged offender on those crimes, it is arguable that he or she cannot be extradited on them inasmuch as those offenses are not recognized as punishable in the foreign country.

Thus, when the U.S. seeks extradition of a fugitive drug offender, one must carefully examine the applicable treaty and the particular narcotics laws of the foreign country. In addition, one must carefully examine the foreign country's local laws on international extradition, since these may modify the treaty with respect to the principle of double criminality.

Part and parcel to the principle of double criminality is the "doctrine of specialty." This doctrine, provided in all U.S. extradition treaties, says that a per-

son who is extradited from a foreign country cannot be brought to trial in the U.S. on an offense for which he was not extradited. Even if one were indicted on CCE and/or RICO, for example, if extradition were not granted on those charges, one could not be tried on them when returned to the U.S.

Since the early 1970s, however, U.S. case law has tended to dishonor the specialty doctrine unless it is clearly shown that the foreign country intends, by the express terms of its extradition decree, that the alleged offender will be tried in the U.S. only on those offenses for which he or she was extradited under the principle of double criminality. Thus, if and when extradited to the U.S., the accused should try to obtain an extradition order from that foreign country that, at a minimum, (1) expressly conditions his extradition upon a promise that he or she will not be prosecuted in the U.S. on any Federal or State Court offenses for which he or she was *not* extradited; and (2) provides that strict compliance with the specialty doctrine provisions of the applicable treaty will assure "good faith" in the discharge of the treaty.

In conclusion, international extradition, like most legal matters, is a complex and highly specialized topic. The foregoing "nutshell" is only a tincture to what is fully involved. In the days of the glorious Carthaginians, Hannibal was the first subject of international extradition from Syria to Rome. If he was a modern marine, Hannibal would have expected of his defense lawyers what he demanded of his soldiers: Semper Paratus. Be Always Prepared. □

The author is with the law firm of Coleman, Bernholz, Dickerson, Bernholz, Gledhill & Hargrave in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He is a member of the NORML Legal Committee and is currently representing a U.S. citizen in a major extradition drug case out of Sydney, Australia. He is also the Executive Editor of Inside Drug Law.

An accused drug offender must deal with important legal principles if the U.S. seeks his extradition from a foreign country to face drug charges at home.

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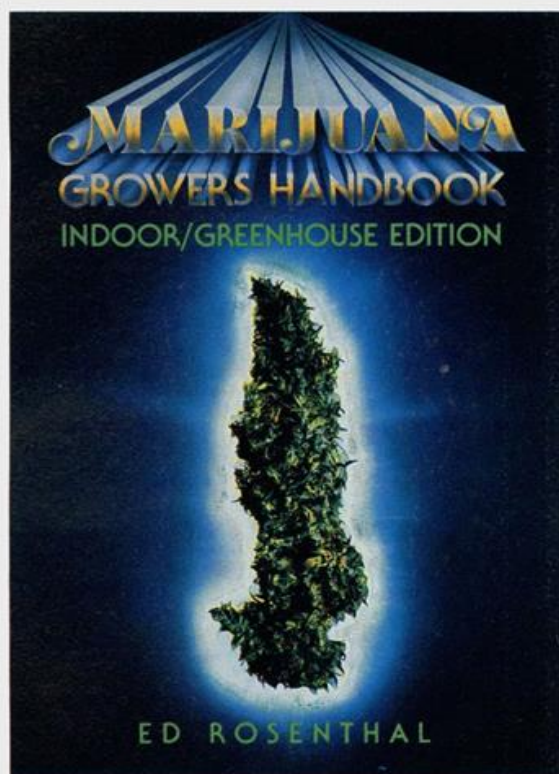
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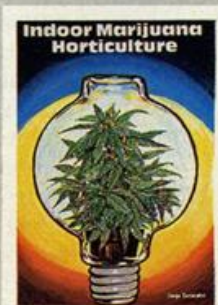
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A MOST AMAZING FELA

Nigeria tries to silence a living legend

by Winston C. Robinson, Jr.

Imagine, if you will, a performer with potent charisma comparable to that of, say, Prince. Now imagine that this musician is a political revolutionary roughly akin to a '60s Black Panther. Then imagine that he has an estimated 300 wives, many of whom perform with him, working the crowd into a frenzy with incantatory singing and wildly uninhibited danc-

ing. Picture this charismatic performer hitting the stage clad only in bikini briefs, singing about poverty, oppression, government corruption and the plague of multinational corporations. Imagine him being so popular with his people that he *forms his own kingdom*. And, of course, it won't be hard to imagine the government officials of his country seeing him as such a threat that they lock him up on trumped-up charges and throw away the key.

Conjure all this in your mind's eye and you have some idea of the legend that is Fela.

Fela Anikulapo Kuti is a man whose life is surrounded by facts so often repeated that they have taken on the role of myths. His numerous wives have been estimated at the unlikely number of 300; his recorded output has been calculated as anywhere from 40 to 70 LPs; his "Free and Independent Republic" has been described as "the largest kingdom in Southern Nigeria." His traveling band numbers upwards from 50 musicians; formerly called Africa 70, they're now known as Egypt 80.

In 1977, Fela married 27 women in a mass wedding; many of them singers and dancers who perform with him. While relating the story of this infamous wedding in the 1982 documentary film about him called *The Music Is the Weapon*, Fela nonchalantly said of his new wives, "They're called 'The Queens'; they're special women." His personal kingdom, The Kala-



● *Freaky Fela as pictured on the cover of Live in Amsterdam.*

Fela's activism was awakened on a trip to the U.S. in 1969. He was impressed by the Black Power movement.



● **SAX FIEND:** *Fela warms up backstage with a few of his wives before a concert.*

kuta Republic, is a compound consisting of a one-story barracks (the main house) surrounded by a number of smaller houses. It is located in a working-class suburb of Lagos, Nigeria.

Fela's name means "He who emanates greatness," which may provide some insight into his vision of himself as an inevitable leader of his people. Born in Abeokuta, Nigeria in 1938, Fela was influenced by his mother's progressive political ideology. Fumilayo Kuti had founded the Federation of Nigerian Women's Union and fought successfully to gain voting rights for women, campaigning against taxes and colonialism. Fela's father, the Reverend Ransome-Kuti, was principal of Abeokuta Grammar School. Fela was educated in London, where he studied "standard academics" as well as music.

It was on a trip to the United States in 1969 that Fela's latent activism was suddenly awakened. He was impressed by the Black Power movement in effect at that time, and the Watts Riots in Los Angeles served as an inspiration to his political aspirations. Returning to Nigeria with the idea of uniting Africans with a self-styled concept of Pan-Africanism, Fela began his career as a musician, first turning out love songs and ballads and later creating music riddled with political questions and criticisms.

Fela's music, influenced by black American jazz legends like Charlie Parker and Miles Davis, uses extended saxophone solos over a barrage of percussion, guitars, basses

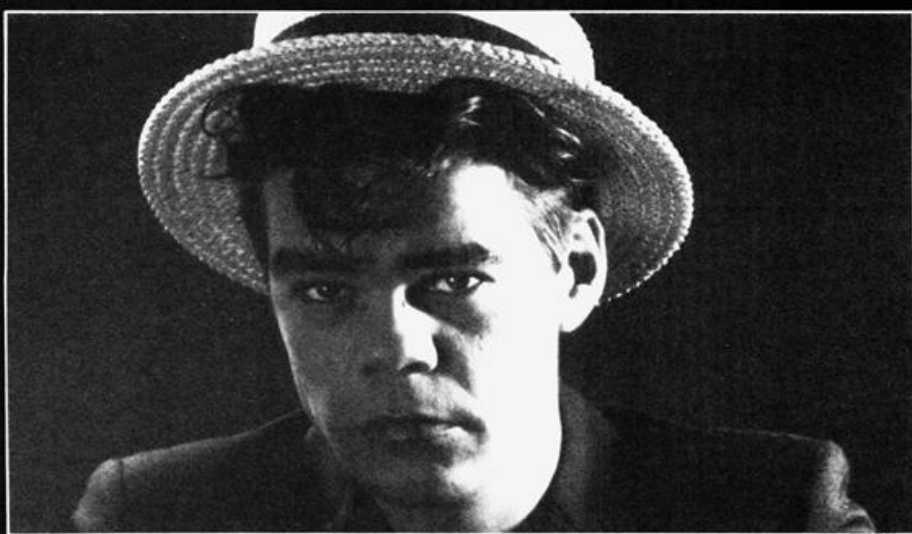
and a small army of singers and horns. He has also incorporated the sounds of Afro-American soul and funk to create what he calls "Afro-beat." Unlike the music of his contemporary, King Sunny Ade, which is called Juju music and is rooted in traditional African music of the Yoruba tribe, Fela presents music as a spiritual guide. Fela followers come together every evening at his nightclub, The Shrine.

On stage Fela lives up to his self-proclaimed title as "Black President." The music is dazzling and hypnotic, with drummers and dancers whipping the audience into a frenzy. The idolatrous Fela fanatics listen intently as their hero spews his political slogans in quick succession.

Immodestly clad in bikini underwear, Fela struts across the stage singing about the all-too-familiar poverty and oppression that is an accepted part of everyday life for the average Nigerian. Words turn into chants, as when Fela sings "ITT (International Thief Thief)"—"Oppression, inflation, corruption . . ."—simultaneously criticizing the Nigerian government and the multinational corporation, ITT. In "Power Show," Fela rails against bureaucratic bullshit: "Everywhere you go/Everybody want power show/You reach border immigration/Officer waste your time/change him pen/comb him hair/If you no talk quick/him go shit/Come back/Him say, 'you no cross/You no

FREE FELA!

The imprisonment of Fela Anikulapo Kuti is an international outrage. We at HIGH TIMES have committed ourselves to seeing that this victim of government oppression is set free. Fela is an artist, a leader and a man of conscience. He is also *one mind-blowing revolutionary musician*. We demand that the Nigerian military tribunal—which unjustly convicted Fela on phony, trumped-up charges—reopen his case, clear his name and SET HIM FREE. This, folks, is *important*. Please send your letters of outrage and protest to your Congressman; to Joseph Garba, Nigerian Ambassador to the United Nations, 733 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10022; and to Pérez De Cuellar, Secretary General of the United Nations, New York, NY 10017. Add your voice to the swelling tide of international protest against this abomination of justice.



• Is David Johansen "America's most charismatic human being?"

HIGH FIVES

Our Alternative Record Charts by John Leland

ALBUMS & EPs

1. **Richard Hell, *R.I.P.*** (ROIR cassette). Seminal New York poet/punk clears his vaults. Great stuff with Johnny Thunders in the Heartbreakers, and with locals in New Orleans.
2. **David Johansen, *Sweet Revenge*** (Passport). America's most charismatic human being puts the raunch of the New York Dolls squarely behind him, and ventures into the clean world of modern pop production with some of his finest singing and songwriting to date.
3. **Rain Parade, *Explosions in the Glass Palace*** (Enigma EP). Trippy psychedelic pop, delicate and precisely constructed. This band once sounded lethargic; now they're hypnotic.
4. **Various Artists, *Neighborhood Rhythms*** (Freeway). The third double album of poetry from LA's hippest humans. I don't even like poetry and I'm gone on this.
5. **Flipper, *Gone Fishin'*** (Subterranean). Rock and roll doesn't get any dumber than this—or any funnier, either. Inspirational motto: "Flipper suffered for their music. Now it's your turn."

SINGLES

1. **D. St., "Megamix II: Why Is It Fresh?"** (Celluloid). The dj who scratched Herbie's "Rockit" itch cuts up on his own.
2. **Rock Master Scott & The Dynamic Three, "Request Line"** b/w "The Roof is on Fire" (Reality).

This funky phone rap strikes me as a World Famous Supreme Team rip-off—and an extremely hot one at that.

3. **Bonzo Goes To Washington, "Five Minutes"** (Sleeping Bag). As in Rapmaster Ronnie's "We begin bombing in..." gag. Bootsy Collins and Talking Heads' Jerry Harrison give it up underneath a tape loop of our Commander in Chief.
4. **UTFO, "Roxanne Roxanne" & "Hanging Out"** (Select). The Untouchable Force meets its match—the even more untouchable Roxanne, who won't give our boys any, no matter how def they beg for it.
5. **Paul Hardcastle, "Rain Forest"** b/w "Sound Chaser" (Profile). Simply a pretty instrumental, conducive to spacing or making out.

ADDRESSES

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Subterranean, 577 Valencia St., San Francisco, CA 94110

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Sleeping Bag, 1974 Broadway, New York, NY 10023

Select, 175 Broadway, New York, NY 10010

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FELA

/ continued from previous page cross today'."

Fela's clashes with Nigeria's government are numerous. He has been arrested at least 200 times over the past decade, and in 1976 his 'Republic' was stormed by the army, his compound burned, many of the women raped and other members of his entourage beaten. His mother, then in her 70s, was thrown out a window. She survived for a short time but died as a result of her injuries. Fela himself was badly beaten and thrown into Alagbon Close prison in Lagos, events that still burn in Fela's memory. He released an LP that publicized his confinement, using the name of the jail as the album title. He was exiled to nearby Ghana, where he recuperated, then returned to Nigeria a few years later when the military regime turned over the government to civilian hands.

In 1981, Fela was accused by the government of murdering an elderly English woman, when in fact he was on stage at the time of the crime, performing at The Shrine. This phony charge was an effort to discredit Fela, whose political party, the Movement Of The People (M.O.P.), was not allowed to register as a party during the 1981 elections. Fela's influence was and is strong and his threat to the existing government real. The Nigerian government did not want Fela to run as a candidate.

Still, Fela is confident that his day will come. "This world is a world of higher forces," he says, "and people must realize that. Something tells me I'm right, so I'm the President someday—don't worry."

Fela's latest clash with the Nigerian authorities occurred last year as he was about to leave for a U.S. tour. Fela was arrested at the airport on trumped-up charges of illegally exporting currency from his country. The charges were primarily the result of Fela's refusal to pay a bribe to a customs official, but the Nigerian military tribunal that tried Fela quickly seized the opportunity to put him out of commission. Though the prosecution's case was a mockery of justice, the military tribunal found Fela guilty and sentenced him to two five-year sentences. Then the tribunal refused to ratify its own judgement, which means that

no appeal can be made. Thus, Fela can be imprisoned indefinitely; his official sentence won't begin until the tribunal deigns to ratify its judgement.

The *real* reason Fela is in jail, of course, is that the Nigerian government wants to silence this immensely popular man of the people. And it's not unreasonable to assume that the U.S. government wasn't too anxious to have Fela in America, spouting his radical message. So Fela sits in jail, his life in limbo, a victim of the repressive policies he has so vehemently opposed. His prison cell has been described as "a small room with about 80 other prisoners; some have to sleep in the toilets."

Meanwhile, Fela's manager, Pascal Imbert, is trying to organize concerts in Europe and America to bring worldwide attention to Fela's plight. Among the musicians whom Imbert has contacted are Stevie Wonder, James Brown, George Clinton, Gil-Scott Heron and Talking Head David Byrne. No schedule had been set at press time, but Imbert is optimistic that the concerts can be arranged in the near future. In addition, a new Fela LP, produced by Material, has recently been released on Celluloid Records. The album, titled *Army Arrangement*, is a stinging attack on corruption in the Nigerian Army.

Short of murdering him, the Nigerian government can never hope to totally silence Fela. His music will continue to spread his message, even if he is not free to perform. A few years ago, Fela talked about the government attempts to muzzle him. His words serve not only as an inspiration to his followers, but as a warning to the repressive forces that would seek to still his voice.

"If they think they're gonna change me or make me change or compromise my politics or my way of life," Fela said, his voice firm and proud, "they are wrong. They will only make me stronger." □

Ed. Note: Fela has released numerous albums, many of which are available in this country as imports, distributed by the African Record Centre Distributors Ltd. Last year EMI-America released three of Fela's albums in the U.S.: *Original Sufferhead*, *Black President* and *Live in Amsterdam*.



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ROCKVID: BOLD OR BORING?

Rolling Stone *book launders the infant medium*

by RJ Smith

About this video "revolution": just what sort of upheaval is it? Is it like the Algerian revolution? Is it like the revolutionary

new squeeze-top toothpaste dispenser? Or is it a coup from the right—recall, Ronald Reagan was the first politician to recognize the possibilities of advertising on MTV. In his new book, *The Rolling Stone Book of Rock Video*, Michael Shore labels the form revolutionary, and seriously examines the

effects this revolution is having now, although he leaves vague just who's going to win in the end. This book is about the gravy train the rockvid biz became almost overnight. And, while Shore includes some useful criticisms in his book, the thing's most of all an exhortation to hop on now, before ticket prices go up.

Though video's all shiny and new (although not like a virgin), Shore's done an impressive job of assembling information about the history of music/visual fusions, the business of rock videos, how MTV works and other ways that videos get distributed and seen. He gloms the economics and aesthetics of videos and does a good job of reporting how one representative video (Cyndi Lauper's epic "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun") was made.

But what the book also seems to be about is a whole new kind of Frankenstein monster. The Buggles' "Video Killed The Radio Star" is the industry's gleeful anthem (it was the first video ever played on MTV); as others have observed, however, revolutions have a way of eating their makers for lunch. Shore recounts the dark days of the '70s before punk, when Album Oriented Radio (AOR) was midwived into this world by a union of radio people, independent programming consultants and record company executives. AOR led directly to the bland-out of FM, and though it seemed like a good business practice at the time (it made it easier to ensure the success of a new record,



● *Rockvid book tells how Cyndi Lauper's "Fun" video was made.*

by striving ever-more to make it sound like what was already being played), AOR eventually came to haunt record companies. They found they had many artists making quality music with little hope of getting airplay.

"By that time," Shore quotes former Arista representative Randy Hock speaking about the early '80s, "we knew that with AOR we'd created this monster that was tyrannizing us."

So, they looked for the parts to assemble a bigger, friendlier monster.

With MTV not even four years old, Shore positions himself here to be its historian and institutional ombudsman, critiquing from a platform of warm support. He's conversant on earlier experiments in imaginative uses of music and images, such as the underrated Monkees show, the visual jukeboxes of the late '40s, Richard Lester's *A Hard*

Day's Night and DEVO's groundbreaking pre-MTV videos. And he clearly understands the modern business of video-making.

Perhaps the most interesting and intriguing information in the book is that, based on MTV-conducted surveys, in just a few years the channel has powerfully educated, or at least readjusted, the eyes of those who watch it. Early on, a poll of subscribers indicated a strong preference for straightforward performance videos, those showing musicians lip syncing to their songs, rather than the more cinematic clips. But by mid-1983, viewers shifted en masse and desired those artier, more ambitious videos. This may only mean that if you gorge on any kind of video—be it the performance ones or the artsy breed (videos larded with countless images of hot legs and bad film noir effects and

/ continued on page 93

MTV has powerfully readjusted the eyes of those who watch it.

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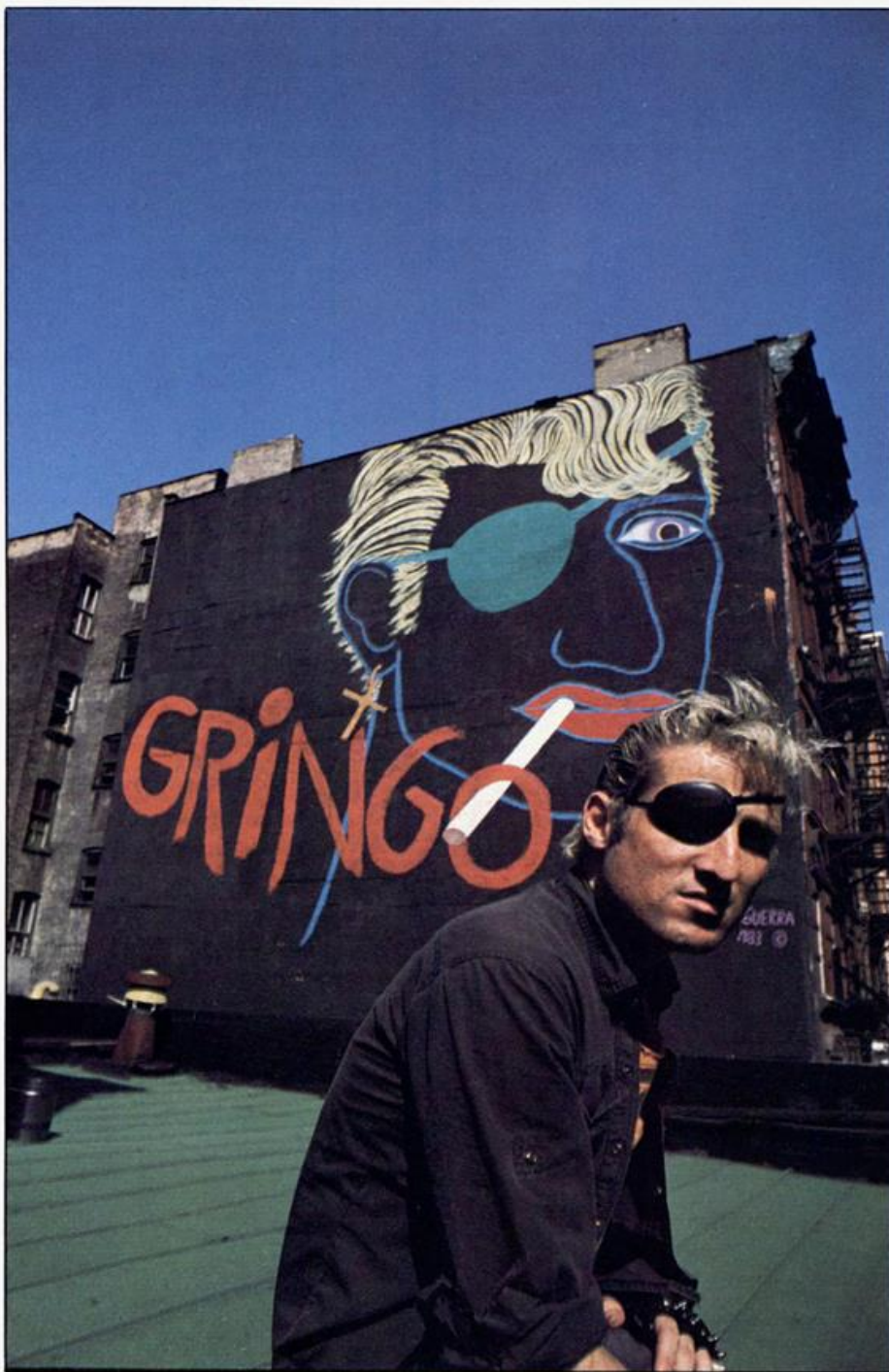
Instead of saying "Have a nice day," the junkies in Lech Kowalski's *Gringo* say "Don't O.D., man." *Gringo* is a gritty docu-fiction

dealing with the not-so-pretty lifestyles of the put-down and hard-up. Shot exclusively in New York's East Village which was, until recently, considered the drug supermarket of the modern world, *Gringo* provides an uncompromisingly realistic and at times, an almost unbearably vivid look at a junky's spaced-out universe. A real-life junky

named John Spacely serves as a baffled tour guide through the murkiness of nighttime "Loisaida" (Nuyorican for Lower East Side) and the delirium of an addict's addled consciousness.

Unsavory scenes are nothing new to director Kowalski, the man who brought you *D.O.A.* (*Dead on Arrival*) (1981), the cross-continental Sex Pistols study, notable for the inane ramblings of doomed sicko sweethearts Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen. *D.O.A.*, which was produced by HIGH TIMES founder, the late Tom Forcade ("without his credit card," says Kowalski, "we never could have gotten it done"), captured the dying gasps of a punk ethos rubbed raw. Kowalski has a knack for being in the right place at the right time, for latching on to a scene just as it's about to transform itself or disperse. Call it opportunism or call it plain old good timing.

Gringo is an almost unintentional documentary. Shortly after Kowalski plunked down his camera on the bombed-out avenues of the East Village in the summer and fall of 1982, the N.Y.P.D.'s Operation Pressure Point made its most comprehensive and successful sweep of the area. Trafficking was pushed into the rim zone of Avenue D, across the river and into Brooklyn, and dealing stepped up in Harlem, Little Italy and Chinatown. Lucrative East Village real estate was made safer for speculators and the neighborhood more palatable to art world trendies.



● Junky John Spacely guides *Gringo* on a tour of smack city.

"Shooting up was going on constantly while we were filming."

The centerpiece of *Gringo* is Spacely, an ersatz urban cowboy who strides nocturnal streets in grimy white pointy-toed boots and an eye patch. His shock of platinum blond hair leaps out from the mostly underlit shots. Spacely leads us through the rituals and dangers of copping, of having too much, too little and too late. He's not a guy with desirable habits. His best friends keep rats and tarantulas for pets; he picks his feet in public; and, in the movie's Grand Guignol finale, he "boots"—drawing heroin and blood in and out of his veins to get the fix up—so violently and pukes so excessively that even the most hardened audience could quickly clear the theater. That is, if they've lasted through his offhand tale about getting stabbed and having the doctor remove a slice of stomach. And Spacely, like, *wanted* it, so he stole "the hunk of meat off the table and slipped it in my pocket." These days he's back in his hometown of Venice, California, where we see him growing up in a jazzy Polaroid flashback segment towards the end of *Gringo*. "He's with his mother," explains Kowalski, "trying to get things in order. Though it's hard to believe he's still alive."

So why such a high gross-out level? *Gringo* certainly functions as a corrective to the blithe garishness of Amos Poe's disastrous *Alphabet City* and the clubgoing riff on heroin chic of Slava Tsukerman's *Liquid Sky*, to name two better-known attempts to cash in on the poetics of sleazy East Village drug life. "Typical narrative films always cut away from the needle at the point of injection," explains Kowalski, a man so benign it's hard to believe he's made films on porn stars, punk rockers and junkies all in rapid succession. "I've had lots of complaints that there are way too many needles in *Gringo*, and that I should cut some out. But the shooting up was going on constantly while we were filming. That's what the film's about, that it's always going on. It may be disastrous commercially, who knows... we'll find out in April" [when *Gringo* goes into release]. But whether or not you can stand the incessant shooting-up, and disheartening banter that accompanies it, you've got to admire Kowalski's gumption. *Gringo* was one hell of a movie to make, quite apart from its modest \$250,000 budget.

Kowalski and his crew [kept at



● *Gringo* director Kowalski poses on New York's Lower East Side.

just five people since crowds make junkies jumpy) had no permits from the City of New York to shoot, so police presence was as grave a threat to the project as to its law-breaking subjects. To get electricity for the equipment, they were forced to plug into streetlights. Then there were the built-in problems of dealing with the junky-actors whose habits had to be satisfied to make them work, suspicious dealers and neighborhood "protection." "One night we even got shot at by a street gang," says Kowalski.

"I worked out a schedule of things I wanted to shoot," Kowalski offers, "but a lot of the time the character wouldn't show up, or had been busted, or died, or whatever." Thus despite the fact that nearly every scene was "set up" or staged, *Gringo* has an intensely improvisational feeling—as, in fact, did *D.O.A.*, and for many of the same reasons. The results are occasionally jarring. A group of girls sit around a table shooting each other up—"it's called a sewing circle"—and their dialogue overlaps and cancels itself out as each justifies why her dope habit is less extreme, why buying cigarettes before spending a last dollar on dope constitutes an enormous moral victory. Then there's the schizy psalm delivered by a coke fiend who zones into the camera, repeating ad nauseum, "I love cocaine... Cocaine is so beautiful... I will always use it... I will always need it." An unsettling love chant to a fickle mistress.

Kowalski says he made *Gringo* to "get close to a junky's brain." And, with its numbing shots of needles, roaming monologues and, above

all, raw, hand-held style, murky lighting and grainy stock, *Gringo* does indeed replicate a general collapse of the time-space continuum. While it's careful to adopt neither a pro- nor antidrug position, the numerous grotesqueries are enough to convince the uninitiated to stay home with a bourbon and the VCR. At times the sickness is needlessly overstated: no one needs a close-up of a cockroach swirling in a fire hydrant flow just used to clean some "works" or a Puerto Rican guy talking about a "chick with an abscess in her pussy" to grasp the grisliness of this world. A far subtler scenario has a dealer selling loose joints to a young woman while her baby sits in a stroller off to one side sucking a pacifier.

Kowalski justifies the excesses with an argument for facticity—it exists, ergo I film it. But, in its extremity, *Gringo* sometimes seems more sensationalistic than sensitive, more bravado than filmic bravery. And how will this life-for-life's-sake saga play in Peoria? It takes a strong stomach to withstand a constant gut-churning repulsion on the level of *Gringo*, but, after sitting through it, you will have an absolutely clear sense of how a junky procures, prepares, injects and gets off on his fix. And what's next for Kowalski, after tackling the bowels of druggie low-life and committing the "Loisaida" scene to celluloid before its diffusion? "I may be suicidal, but I'm making a movie about the East Village art scene. It'll be an answer to *Gringo*, in a sense, an update on the neighborhood, but much slicker, shot in 35mm. And Andy Warhol's going to narrate it." □

Screen Scene



● Diane Lane, at 15, plays the skunk-topped leader of *The Stains*.

● If you liked *This Is Spinal Tap*, chances are you'll want to catch *Ladies and Gentlemen, The Fabulous Stains*, a recently reissued bomb that could become a new cult hit. The rock 'n' roll satire flopped when it was first released in 1981. Director Lou Adler convinced Paramount to give it another try in '82, but *Stains* still stunk, at least in the view of the mass ticket-buying public. Now, thanks to the efforts of Films Incorporated, distributor of Paramount reissues, *The Stains* are back again. And lo and behold, ladies and gentlemen, *The Fabulous Stains* is one fab flick. Diane Lane stars as a hot young (Diane was 15 when she made the film) punk rocker who makes it big by wearing a trademark see-through blouse and skunk-style, blonde-streaked 'do, and rousing teenage girls with her budding feminist credo, "We don't put out!" Diane's overnight ascent to the top is aided by an opportunistic TV newswoman, giving the film an opportunity for some pungent media satire. Co-starring with Diane Lane are real-life rockers Paul Simonon (*The Clash*), Fee Waybill (*The Tubes*), Paul Cook and Steve Jones (both ex-Sex Pistols). *Stains* is funky and funny, with a smart-ass sensibility that is pure rock 'n' roll. It's

easy to see why the film tanked in its initial release—it's definitely not a mass-market movie and the ending is a total botch—but it's also obvious why Paramount feels *Stains* can find a post-*Spinal Tap* audience. Look for this one at your local midnight movie house.

● Mary Woronov, who co-starred with this month's interviewee, Paul Bartel, in *Eating Raoul*, has a couple of equally offbeat projects soon to hit the screen. She stars with Pierce Brosnan (TV's Remington Steele) in *The Nomads*, an ultra-weird sci-fi flick, and with Ray Sharkey (remember *The Idolmaker*?) in *Hellhole*, a movie that sounds really strange. In the latter film,

Mary plays the owner of an insane asylum who performs bizarre operations on the girl inmates. "None of the operations work out," Mary explains. "I keep a whole group of mistakes in my basement." *The Nomads* is about alien beings who appear on earth as punks. They neither talk nor sleep, and when people suspect that the nomads are aliens, the spacefolks exercise an "ominous power" over the suspicious earthlings. "They get off on sexual violence," says Mary, who plays the lead nomad. "The movie is weird and vicious. I like it."

● Look for Cher to play a "biker lady" in 20th Century Fox's *Mask*, due to hit theaters this month. The film costars Eric Stoltz as Cher's teenage son and tells the story of how the biker mama and her boy "emerge victorious over the very special set of circumstances of their lives."

● '85 looks like the year of the sequel. Set for release this year are *Rocky IV*, *Star Trek IV*, *Polttergeist II*, *Police Academy II*, *Splash II*, *Missing in Action II*, *Porky's Revenge* (the third *Porky's* flick), *National Lampoon's European Vacation* (sequel to Natlamp's *Vacation*, again starring Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo) and *Mad Max and the Children of the Sand* (sequel to *Road Warrior*, which was the sequel to *Mad Max*). Who says there are no new ideas in Tinseltown...

—David Harrison



● *Eating Raoul* star Mary Woronov has more projects in the works.

VIDEO

/ continued from page 88

lots of things breaking in slow motion)—what once seemed fresh will be revealed as a string of clichés. On the other hand, it may point to far-reaching, tangible progress in videos. And that's a good sign for the future.

The future, this book makes clear, belongs to video. And Shore believes in it mightily. The faith is touching, but the future he posits isn't always cheery. His faith seems most strained when he talks about the apartheid practices of MTV. He raises the issue of the channel's exclusion of black videos, and, though he doesn't always challenge them head-on, he usefully presents some of the station's curious ideas about black music. "You think Donna Summer, Prince and Rick James are rock 'n' roll? I don't," MTV's only black VJ, J.J. Jackson, says to Shore. "Prince is very good at what he does, but it's rhythm & blues. I've never heard a long guitar run on any of his albums, ever..." Never mind that Prince makes some of the best guitar-powered rock around, or that Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff" features one of the greatest guitar solos in rock 'n' roll history, or that... well, meanwhile MTV spotlights such almost-guitarless pop as The Police's "Every Breath You Take," the Cars' synthesizer-driven "You Might Think," the Eurythmics' synthesized stuff, Madonna... sigh... Shore ends up wanly assuring us that things are changing, that it will get better. However, separate-but-equal black video shows hardly seem the answer.

Still, that's only part of the future. If the growth of video sales doesn't completely drown the industry in a welter of lawsuits over complicated and unprecedented royalty issues, the boom will continue. Shore envisions massive sales of rock videos via such innovations as Sony's Video 45. And he talks enthusiastically of coming technology that will generate 3-D videos: "Imagine... Def Leopard lead singer Joe Elliott leaping right out of the screen into your lap at the end of 'Photograph,'" Shore beams. How's that for an enticement for you to get your MTV?

If that guy from Twisted Sister ever lunges at my lap, I think I'll sue. □

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UP-TIGHT IS OUTASIGHT

Velvets books shows dark side of the '60s

by Legs McNeil

■ Up-Tight:

The Velvet Underground Story

Victor Bockris and Gerard Malanga (New York: William Morrow and Co., 1985), 128 pp., illustrations, \$7.95.

It was the time of the British Invasion, Pop Art, silver micro-miniskirts, underground films and glamorous young millionaire jet-setters. Television had turned the world into a "global village" and in Our Town the youth culture was blowing down the doors of conventional lifestyle and morality. It was 1965.

But while the Beatles were telling you that she loves you, we love you

and everyone loves each other, a small group of extremely individualistic avant-garde musicians and poets banded together in New York City to paint a darker but more realistic picture of the growing subculture.

They called themselves the Velvet Underground and though they never had a hit song, a movie or any national television exposure, they quite possibly did more to influence the shape of modern pop music than any band, ever. In this age of MTV and rock videos, we would probably never realize the full extent of the Velvet Underground if it weren't for Victor Bockris' and Gerard Malanga's new book, *Up-Tight: The Velvet Underground Story*. Finally, for all the bullshit and mythology surrounding the Velvets, we have an accurate chronicle of Nico, the German chanteuse; Lou Reed, the Godfather of Punk; Maureen Tucker, rock 'n' roll's first female gender-bender drummer and Sterling Morrison, prototype lead guitarist with a brain; and John Cale, the big daddy of kickass art rock. These five people made up the original Velvet Underground, until egoism—as so aptly explored by Bockris and Malanga—eroded the group.

We still have the Velvet Underground's music—starting with the fa-

mous "Banana Album," produced by Andy Warhol and their five successive LPs that speak for themselves—but, for me, that isn't enough. What makes *Up-Tight: The Velvet Underground Story* so intriguing is that it removes the shroud of myth the Velvets and Warhol covered themselves with during the '60s. For the first time we learn why those ultimate hipsters wore sunglasses on stage—I mean, come on—didn't you ever wonder? It wasn't because, as so many people thought, they were trying to hide their dilated pupils from the audience; it was to keep from having an epileptic fit or being blinded by their incredible light shows, shows which anyone from the audience was free to manipulate during the performance. (Lou Reed claims that Danny Williams, the self-appointed test sub-

ject for the seven strobe lights they used in their act eventually committed suicide because of the strobes' detrimental effects.)

We also learn that it was the Velvets who first discovered the light show and eventually built the light show at Bill Graham's Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco because when the New Yorkers went west, the only imaginative effect Bill Graham could come up with was a slide of the moon projected on the wall. The group said, "That's not a light show, Bill, sorry," and proceeded to reconstruct their Warhol-inspired special effects that knocked the West Coast on their ass and created one of the first schisms between East and West Coast bands. Frank Zappa opened the Velvets' West Coast shows with the flat statement, "These guys really suck."



● Velvets in Tinseltown: Nico, Andy Warhol, Maureen Tucker, Lou Reed,

We are led to believe that by the time "The Summer of Love" rolled around, New York City was an urban paradise because all the assholes had left for Haight-Ashbury. Unfortunately, the Velvet lost the battle between the East and West Coast bands and one can only wonder what would have happened if they had won.

Besides all the innovations the Velvet Underground brought to rock 'n' roll, *Up-Tight* also tells us great gossip and back-stabbing stories about Bob Dylan, Brian Epstein, Jim Morrison and a host of other rock luminaries. What might be more interesting is that the Velvets are revealed to us for the first time. By insulating themselves in the "in"-est of the "in" groups, neither John Cale, Lou Reed nor Nico ever let their guard down all the while they were in the Velvet Underground. But, in *Up-Tight*, not only are we invited inside to take a look at the denizens of '60s ultracool, we're asked to stay and watch this tragic-comedy unfold. From '65 to '69, from the coolest glamour days of Edie

Sedgwick to Lou Reed's painful nights at Max's Kansas City, Bockris and Malanga take us on a tragical mystery tour that only ends in disaster for the fans who took the myth too seriously.

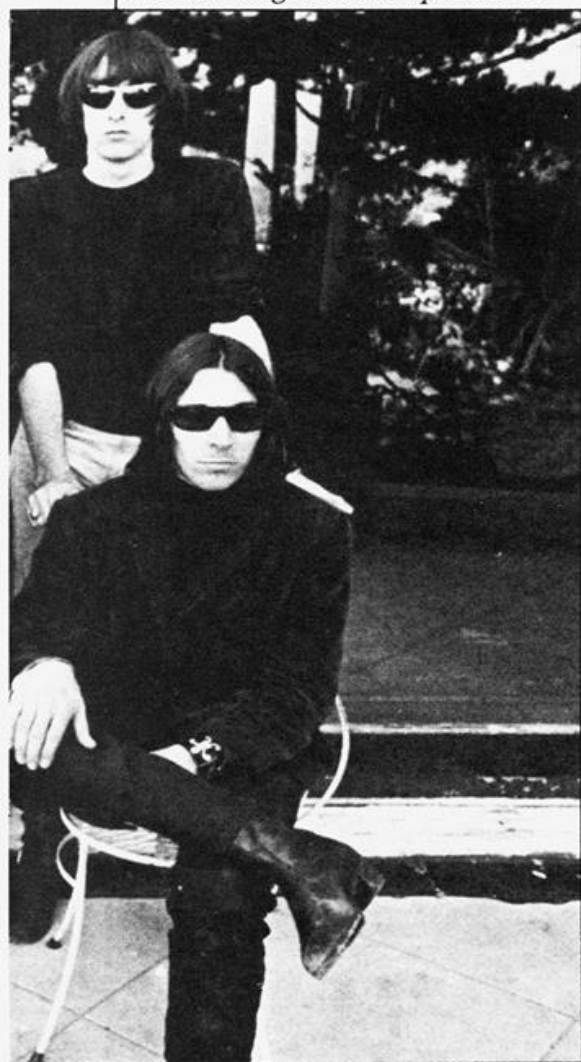
What is more important about *Up-Tight* is its inspirational and promising message. (If you can go through all the shit these people did and still be making music and working, you'd be inspirational too.) Through a cut-up montage of different interviews interspersed with the writers' guiding narrative, we get a real sense of the hard work it took to make the Velvets click: Andy Warhol pushing the Protestant work ethic on Lou Reed—telling him he should write five songs a day—Reed, Cale and Morrison collaborating under the worst living situations and, from Gerard Malanga, a featured member of the Exploding Plastic Inevitable (Warhol's cosmic advertising gimmick featuring the Velvet Underground), the claustrophobic grind of touring in a small van with these people. (This was before the days of Starship One.)

While the '60s were filled with clichéd causes, political guilt-tripping and radical bullshit, it becomes quite clear that the Velvet Underground was ruled by Ideas, not Ideologies. *Up-Tight* is unique because it might be the first document about the '60s in which the main characters don't seem to belong there, though they are the movers and shakers of those times. John Cale wanted to build machines to make music for him. No one, either from the audience or the rock press, could tell if Maureen Tucker was a girl or a boy. Really and truly, this was *not* the way your parents used to complain about the Beatles and the Stones. And, although the critics raved about Lou Reed's ballsy, truthful lyrics, no one in the music industry wanted to take a chance on him. At least not at that time.

The book fills us in on how this band of ultrahip guys and girls turned rock into theater (long before Iggy, Alice or Bowie), foretold the coming of synthesized rock, realized that confused gender made good publicity, and tried to tell the truth in a simple lyrical rock 'n' roll context. According to the writers, Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, was considering managing the Velvets at one time, but died before he could make a deal. As Bockris and Malanga put it, "One cannot help but wonder what would have happened if they'd signed with Brian Epstein... Unfortunately, we'll never know. However, it is interesting to note that The Velvets considered themselves to be working at least upon the same level as The Beatles." That might tell us why Reed and Cale were so fucking arrogant and how the mixture of egos in the group led to their demise.

Up-Tight is well worth the price of admission into this madhouse of egocentric innovators but, unlike most rock books of today, it is well-researched and presumes that if you're a rock fan you don't have to be an idiot. As Beethoven once wrote to Goethe, "Music is the incorporeal entrance into the higher world of knowledge." If you didn't get the Velvets the first time around, use *Up-Tight: The Velvet Underground Story* as your primer into the higher world of knowledge. If that doesn't appeal to you, just buy it for all the nifty black and white photos you can hang on your bedroom wall. □

"It is interesting to note that the Velvets considered themselves to be working at least on the same level as The Beatles."



Sterling Morrison and John Cale in '66.

CENSORING PORN: A DIRTY BUSINESS

by Barbara O'Dair

It looks like 1985 will be the Year of the Clampdown. For censorship, in a variety of forms, seems to be the mandate of the day.

I'm talking not only about the Reagan administration's blatant attempts to control media access to info (remember Grenada?) and the recent spate of celebrity libel suits, but also about the less illustrious but equally obnoxious censorship efforts as practiced by the right-wing "pro-family" movement—which seeks, for example, to ban sex ed from schools, to deny access to birth control for teenagers, to eradicate pornography.

The women's liberation movement, which has been represented (lamentably) by the middle-of-the-road Ms./N.O.W. contingent since the mid-'70s, has begun to wake up and organize against the New-Old Right onslaught. That is, *some* of the feminist movement. A portion, represented by the antipornography movement, has located porn at the root of women's oppression, and as a direct cause of rape and other acts of violence, sexual and otherwise, against women. So the antiporn feminists have devoted a great deal of energy trying to control that segment of the media which is devoted to the representation of sexual acts.

In the last year, antiporn laws have been proposed and voted on in several cities around the country. The original bill, introduced in Minneapolis a year and a half ago, was drafted by two leaders in the feminist antipornography movement, attorney Catherine MacKinnon and author Andrea Dworkin. Although this bill has been vetoed twice since, and though a similar antiporn bill in Indianapolis was recently declared unconstitutional in Federal Court, versions of the bill are being

prepared and await introduction in many other cities.

These laws, if passed, would allow individuals to sue in civil court for monetary damages and for court orders to stop distribution of any material local courts declare pornographic under the definition in the law. Which means that booksellers, publishers, authors, art galleries, etc., could be sued for making or distributing "sexually explicit material which subordinates women." Not surprisingly, the legislation has received its major support from a confluence of Christian fundamentalists, conservative Republicans and other "profamily," antivice forces, albeit for reasons other than those held by its self-identified "radical" feminist initiators.

That I and many other feminists do *not* support antiporn legislation nor the fundamental premises of the antiporn movement is reason to feel optimistic about a new Left-feminism in the '80s. Groups such as New York's F.A.C.T. (Feminist Anti-Censorship Taskforce) are currently coordinating the feminist opposition to antiporn. They assert that *all* censorship efforts in the name of

women's liberation are both futile and dangerous. It's clear that obscenity laws (which is what antiporn now amounts to) historically have been used *against* women—against sex educators, women's clinics, gay people, female workers in the sex industry. F.A.C.T. points out that "pornography" is a term which can be stretched over a wide variety of "sexually explicit material." Which is to say that one feminist's despised "pornography" can be another feminist's pleasure. In other words, none of us can hope to get to the root of sexism or the oppression of women by attempting to outlaw porn—our relation to porn, and its relation to power, is too damn complicated for that.

Do we really want to see booksellers ordered to cover up every item in their stock deemed sexually provocative? (Such a city ordinance is currently under consideration in New York City.) If antiporn laws pass, *who* will ultimately decide what pictures and words constitute "sexually explicit material which subordinates women?" Dworkin? Falwell?

Now I don't celebrate sexist images of women, whether found in the pages of *Hustler* or *Woman's Day*. But I don't support antipornography legislation. I don't like vice squads or sexual moralists or the proposed President's commission on pornography. No judge, and no *movement*, is going to decide what should and shouldn't be sexy for me!

We better start building a feminist movement in which a censorship clampdown doesn't figure. □

*All censorship
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futile and
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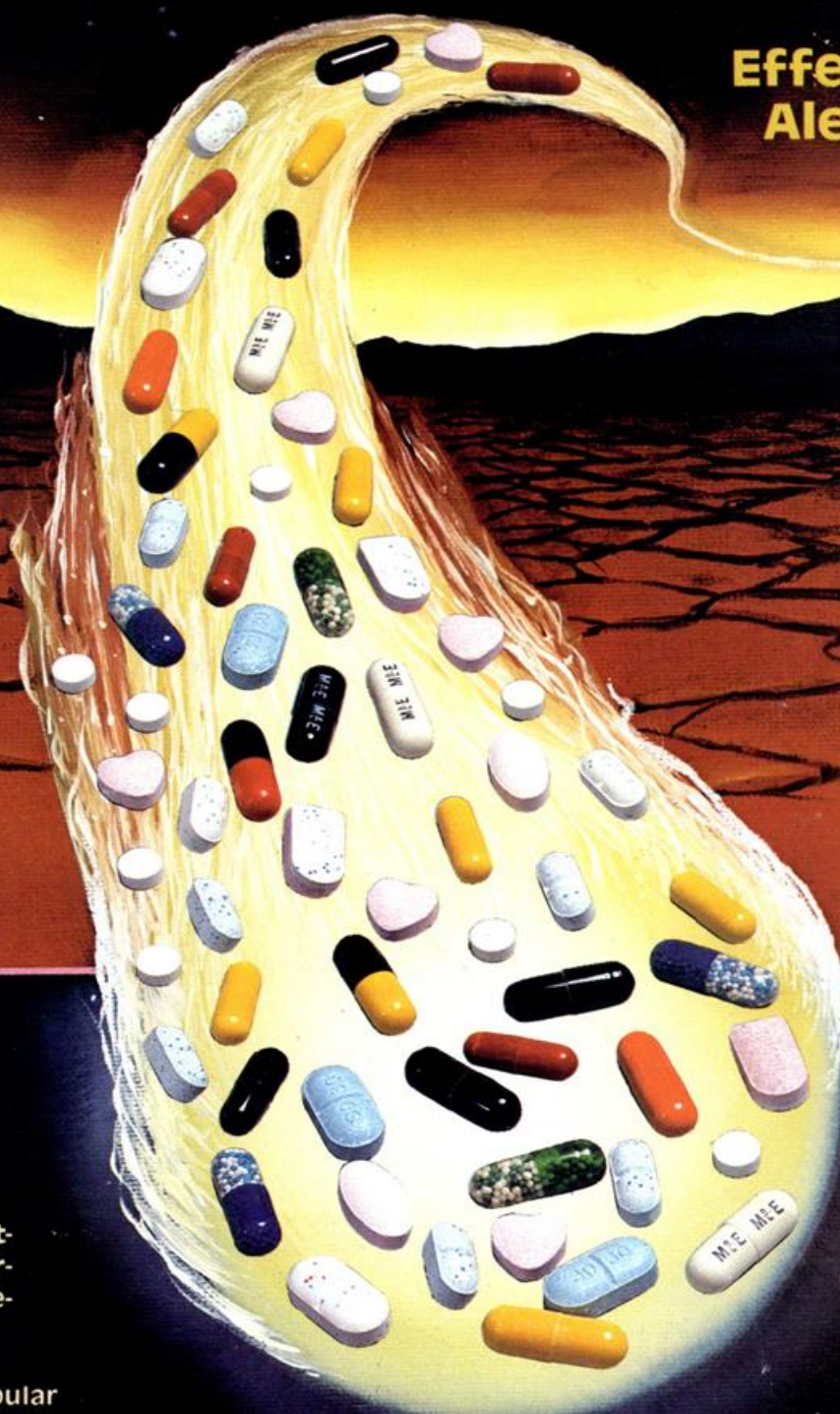
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